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ALL SOULS.

The service was over, the church growing dim,
Though still from a window the western sun
Touched the surpliced choir, as one by one
They passed me, singing the closing hymn.

And from each as they passed I caught a word,
In the different tone of each fresh young voice,
And one sang "Christ," and another "rejoice,"
While still from another "peace" I heard.

Till the great song died in majestic bars.
So each life, I thought, is a fragment here
To make some new message of goodness clear,
Till life's perfect hymn shall reach the stars.
—M. D. Hatch in New York Sun.

THE GIFT OF LIFE.

On a dreary November afternoon I was having tea with one of the most successful artists of the day. His studio was a large, richly furnished room, with a profusion of beautiful things about it. There were heavy curtains, long low divans, and stuffs and scents from the east, and nowhere a sign of hard work or struggle. Even the palettes and the half finished portraits seemed to exist merely for the sake of adding an extra dash of color to the whole effect.

My host, a tall, handsome man of genial manner, had that air of boundless leisure which belongs sometimes to the most energetic natures. The world said that he had sold himself for money, that his earlier works promised a richness of feeling and fancy which could hardly find expression in highly paid reproductions of fashionable women. I was never sure if he realized this, for no one was apparently less troubled by regrets than he. On this particular evening, however, we had branched into a discussion on the possible strength and depth of artistic feeling, and I maintained, perhaps too bitterly, that the true fire was stifled by money and luxury. I forgot for the moment how much of what I said might apply directly to the man lounging near me, and as he remained silent, and yet in some intangible way assured me that he was listening, I grew more and more eloquent, and in the heat of my feeling began to walk up and down the room. With more emphasis than originality, I exclaimed that it was the love of art for her own sake which was the true inspiration of the artist, not love of the gold she brought him. "Nowadays," I declared bitterly, "no one loves her enough to make any sacrifice."

I stopped short in front of a small bronze figure which I had never noticed in his room before. It stood upon a table in a dark recess, and I could scarcely see it; but with that sudden instinct which warns us now and then that we are close to something great, I carried my prize quickly into the light. It was the figure of a girl young and strong, like a fresh green shoot. She was almost naked, and she was dancing evidently because she could not help it—there was an irresistible gayety and joyousness about her which made one long to dance too. Her delicate head was thrown back as if a laugh were rippling from her lips, and one arm was flung out with a grace that was almost insolent. The other arm was gone.

"Is this an antique?" I cried, impatient for an answer.

"It is curious you should have taken up that thing at this moment," my friend returned thoughtfully. "Look at it again. I think you will say it is not Greek in spite of the inscription."

I examined the enchanting creation once more, and noticed that on the base was written, in Greek characters, "The Spirit of Joy."

"That figure was modeled hardly a year ago in Paris," my friend continued, "and the man who imagined it gave his life for it. Would you like to hear the story?"

And before I had time to answer he began the following narrative:

* * * * * * *

None of the other artists who lived in the same street, or even those in the same house, knew much of the young sculptor Leroy. He was from the south and had come to study in Paris, but, unlike all the rest, he never would make any friends or join in the wild pleasures of his fellow workers. It was rumored that he was dreadfully poor, but then so many others were poor, and yet led pleasant convivial lives.

"No; something else is wrong with Leroy," the artists used to say. "He is either mad or in love." He never asked any one inside his room, and indeed there was nothing much to see, except a very bare garret and a lot of white clay, with here and there some lump beginning to take human shape. Leroy's pale, quiet face did not attract people, and he was very soon left to go on his own way. The concierge used to shrug her shoulders when she reached the top story in her gossip over the different inmates of the house, and wonder how the thin, dark haired fellow lived.

Leroy, for all his melancholy looks and his poverty, more stringent than any one imagined, was happy. His mind was thronged with shapes he longed to put into marble, and this bare garret formed the background to many wonderful dreams. Sometimes, when he shut the door upon the dark, ugly staircase, and rested a moment in his chair with his eyes closed, the room seemed to fill with beautiful forms, which moved and swayed before him, and he would lean back, watching intently, till at last one above all the rest would entrance his eyes. Then he would strive to imprint every line and curve upon his memory, in a fever lest anything should escape him before that sudden stillness in the air, which always woke him with a shudder to the ugly realities of his life.

Over and over again he was disappointed in the attempt to reproduce his vision, and often in despair he broke what he had modeled. But he could not be unhappy while he lived in the world of his dreams, and he never thought of the future. Even after his first shock of finding his little store of money exhausted, he began without misgiving to pawn his little possessions, and worked on in the same unhampered way as before. But after a time, when his watch and his clothes, and, finally, even his bedstead, had gone, he found himself growing uncertain and restless. He was at work on a figure of Justice, but the tall, calm woman opposed him, and she seemed to grow less and less like the majestic shape which had once moved across his sight. Incessantly he tried to conjure her up before him, but in this time of his greatest need his vision seemed to have deserted him. He could think of nothing but poverty and misery, and as he looked bitterly round the empty room he wondered why so little had come to his love and enthusiasm. There was nothing to show for his dreams—nothing but shapeless clods of clay, and no one but he could know what they might have become.

At last, one cold, wet evening, as the dark was beginning to set in, Leroy left off working quite dispirited. He leaned back in his one chair and closed his eyes in weary despair, wishing the room were warmer and that he had something besides bread for supper, when suddenly through the dim garret danced the most enchanting being he had ever imagined—a girl so young she might almost be called a child. Her hair was bound with flowers and a laugh was in her eyes; she seemed the very spirit of youth and joy. He did not know how long he watched her marvelous, irresistible dance. She stood before him at last in one supreme attitude, rivaling all she had been before, and then, in an instant, she was gone.

Leroy sprang to his feet. Here was an inspiration, here was something which would live forever and bring him immortality also! His warm southern blood, which had got so chilled in Paris, danced again in his veins. He saw the green fields of Provence, the flowers, the deep sky, and the glorious sun flooding everthing with light. All this beauty and joy should deck his statue, all this exhilaration of youth and spring.

It was dark, but Leroy did not stop for that. Now, while his eyes still burned with the brightness of their vision, was the time to work. He hurriedly lit his end of candle and drew in bold strokes an outline of the dancing nymph as he had last seen her. The sketch was rapidly made, and Leroy threw himself on his mattress at once, not to sleep, but to dream.

Through his uncurtained window he could see the night lit for him by one star. This time he felt more certain than ever before. He could recall every feature, every movement of the spirit; he already knew exactly how he should immortalize her. Models! He could not afford to pay models, but if he could get the best in Paris he would not have them. No one but he had ever beheld such a vision, and the coarser types of earth would only mar the magic outline he could see so plainly.

The next few days were the great days in Leroy's life. Never had his heart and brain and hand moved so harmoniously together as the clay took form under his dexterous fingers. He hardly knew how he had won such sudden power and strength. The only fear which stood behind him as he worked was that he should fall ill and be unable to finish his statue. He pawned the blanket off his mattress, and there was nothing left to cover him at night but an old quilt his mother had made him. But he felt neither cold nor hunger; he was peaceful with a great inward happiness as hour by hour his joy became more tangible.

One morning the sculptor woke to find the world all white and a deadly chill in his room. An intense cold had set in, and that just as he had reached the most critical stage of his work; one more day and the clay would stand the frost, but now cold was his great enemy. He hardly dared examine his model lest the night should already have undone his labor. So far, however, all was well; but the room must be kept up to a good heat, or the clay would crack and the figure be spoiled. Leroy took his bedding and pawned it. It was so old he got next to nothing for it, but he spent all he did get on firing, and rushed back to the garret fearful of losing a moment. Very soon he had a roaring fire in the stove, and the concierge, who saw him kneeling before the blaze, noted the store of coal and wood and concluded that he had earned some money, and that she need not feel uncomfortable about him when she ate her good warm dinner.

All day long Leroy worked almost savagely, never stopping for an instant except to build up the fire, but when the twilight came he was content to stop, for he knew that he had succeeded—the Spirit of Joy was imprisoned in clay for him.

He stepped back to look at her with a sigh of relief, and she utterly satisfied him. There was nothing wanting; no single grace had been missed; she stood before him exactly as she had done in his vision.

How he loved her! How beautiful she was! But he could not look at her long—he began to shiver and turned to the fire. It was almost out. Not a scrap of wood or coal was left—he had burned even his chair. Leroy felt as if some miracle must happen to save his work; it was impossible that, after he had given everything, she, his wonderful, light footed spirit, should not live. One night more and she would be safe. But what could be done? How could she be kept warm? It was beginning to turn bitterly cold already, and Leroy knew too well what a cold night would mean in that garret.

The counterpane which his mother had given him was lying in the corner where his mattress had been. With a sudden thought he picked it up and wrapped the ragged patchwork carefully round the head and shoulders of the Spirit of Joy. Contrive as he would he could not manage to cover her quite—her dancing feet and one lovely arm were still left bare. There was nothing for it but to take his coat off and wrap it tenderly round her knees.

"Her arm must take care of itself," he said, with a faint smile.

Now that he could no longer see the joyous figure all his elation left him. He tried to keep warm by walking up and down the room, but he could hardly move his legs. He had had no food all day, and very little for many days; a numbness was fastening on his limbs, and there was nothing for him to do.

"If she and I can only live till tomorrow," he thought, "all will be well." Tomorrow he would make the biggest dealer in Paris come and look at his statue—a dealer who should give him money for the marble he would chisel himself and later on at the salon every one would recognize that a new thing had been born into the world.

It was very lonely and dreary, and he went to the door and opened it on the chance of stray comfort; but the staircase was dark and silent as usual.

When the room was full of moonlight he grew happier again. "It will soon be over—this cold night," he said, "and then we shall be safe." He took up his chisel and scratched in Greek letters on the pedestal, "Ayyaia," and he lifted the covering for a moment and kissed the little clay feet.

He did not feel cold or hungry any longer, only very tired, and he sat down on the floor in a corner of the room and leaned his back against the wall. He closed his eyes and his reward came to him. For one radiant moment his vision gleamed before him—he saw her! he knew her! Then he fell asleep.

And the cold crept farther and farther into the silent garret, and cracked the little bits of clay lying about on the floor and frosted the window panes. But it breathed lightly on the draped figure, almost passing it by, and found a man leaning, half clothed, against the wall. It stopped the blood in his veins, crawled up beyond his heart and fastened his eyelids down.

When the sun looked into the window next morning there was absolute stillness in the room. Leroy's spirit had followed the Spirit of Joy, and nothing was left but his body and the clay statue.

There were people who came and understood the story. They took off the counterpane and the coat, and the beautiful nymph stood before them. But because nothing in this world may be quite perfect, one arm had broken off in the night.—Longman's Magazine.

REDUCE YOUR DENOMINATOR.

There Are Two Ways of Equalizing Your Attainments and Desires.

To most earnest people life is hard and fast, and growing continually harder and faster, and to many it is becoming more and more a burning question how they shall meet like men and women the demands of each day without falling under the condemnation of that law. It would be comparatively easy for the society followers, if they had any desire so to do, to settle their problem by following Carlyle's plan and reducing their denominators. He makes it very clear to all those who have passed beyond the stage of childhood, and consequently do comprehend the nature of a fraction—an impossible thing for a child to do, because it lies in the region of relativity—that our wishes and desires stand to our abilities, either pecuniary or mental, in the same relation as the denominator of a fraction to its numerator, and that the value of the fraction of each one of us expresses in terms easily written down the total amount of our solid happiness or contentment.

In this view it follows that there are always two possible ways of increasing the amount of the latter—and this is no doubt the main object toward which are directed most of the efforts of most men—namely, to increase our numerator by increasing our possessions, or to diminish our denominator by decreasing the total amount of our desires. The first of these ways is the only one generally perceived by the majority of people, and the one to which they bend all their efforts, but it is often the impossible way, while the other path lies always open to most people, with absolutely sure result.

Since that result—that alteration in the value of the fraction—is what we are many of us after, it may be surprising that the always available and sure method is not more generally selected. But, as has been said, to many of us there is no liberty of choice left open. Forced by the demand of the working world to which we belong, we have already reduced our denominator to a surprisingly low figure. We find a positive pleasure, as we walk in the city, in seeing shops loaded with innumerable things that we do not want, and would not have even if we could.

Even in the matter of books the number which we care to own grows smaller day by day instead of larger. We have learned the great lesson that it is easier to climb at once to the high hills, and drink from the springs which run there, than to accept the diluted stuff which is delivered to us in conduits often not of the cleanest. This lesson, once acquired, frees one from many perplexities, and confers a not inconsiderable amount of liberty, besides giving us a feeling of buoyant health which the dwellers in the lowlands, who depend upon aqueducts and are subject to all the inconveniences resulting from negligent or incompetent contractors and engineers, never can know.

With regard to society, too, the number of houses into which we do not desire to enter is infinitely larger than that of those to which we aspire. And it confers almost a feeling of royalty to see so many people around us who do not hesitate at any sacrifice or any effort to obtain an introduction into certain circles of society to which no entreaties of our best meaning friends would be able to drag us for a single evening.—Anna C. Brackett in Harper's.

Cost of Pure Candy.

Andrew J. Hope, who knows a thing or two about the candy business, is of the opinion that another candy manufacturer, who made the statement that pure candy couldn't be bought for less than forty cents a pound, didn't know what he was talking about.

"The statement is pure nonsense," said Mr. Hope, "and I'll prove it. The basis of all candy is, of course, refined sugar. There is no adulteration about that, and it sells by the barrel for 4¼ cents a pound. All plain candies, such as horehound, iceland moss, molasses and peppermint, will cost the big manufacturer under one cent a pound to manufacture. A good workman will easily make 800 pounds a day, which, when retailed at ten cents a pound, allows the manufacturer nearly 100 per cent. profit.

"The pure material is so cheap that, if there were nothing else to be taken into consideration, it wouldn't pay to adulterate such candy. Pure sugar can be bought cheap, and so can pure candy."—New York Herald.

How Santley Was Discovered.

Mr. Charles Santley, the great baritone, owes much of his success in life to the generosity and perspicacity of his master, who was then a draper in business in Manchester. When young, Santley was an assistant in the establishment just mentioned. His master invited his numerous employes to dinner, and after the various creature comforts had been discussed singing was indulged in as a means of entertainment. On Santley being called upon to contribute his share to the enjoyment of the evening he displayed a voice of such quality, resonance and timbre that his master, a musical amateur of much discrimination, at once informed him that he had a voice which with efficient training would make his fortune, and generously volunteered to pay the expenses of three years' musical tuition in Italy. The offer was at once accepted, with such results as all the world knows and duly appreciates.—London Tit-Bits.

Safety and Business on the Ocean.

So keen is the rivalry between the various lines and so much does their success depend on a reputation for safety that self interest, in the absence of a higher motive, is sufficient to stimulate them to leave nothing undone in the construction and manning of their vessels which may in any way be the means of averting disaster. In furtherance of their efforts the British and American governments unite in giving them the most perfect system of lights buoys and fog signals in the world. When twenty or more miles at sea the captain may discern the rays of the first light, and as he nears port and enters the channel there are nearly as many beacons as lamp posts in a city street.—William H. Rideing in Scribner's.

Power of the Press.

Tom—Poor Rashleigh! Ruined in mind forever.

Jack—Heavens! What has he been doing?

Tom—Made a bet that he could read every article in four Sunday papers, including supplements and advertisements, in one hour.

Jack (breathlessly)—Well?

Tom—Won his bet, but collapsed, and was taken to an asylum a raving maniac—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Telephone Clock.

A telltale clock in connection with the London-Paris telephone keeps the record of seconds while the patron talks. When 180 beats have been counted a bell rings and the circuit is cut off. Another three minutes' talk may be secured on payment of the ordinary fee of $2, but no more than six consecutive minutes are allowed to any one person.

A vice consul, writing from a Danubian port, notes that one curious, but steadily recurrent article of import is waste paper of which there arrived a supply of thirty eight tons during one year. It makes its appearance in the form of bundles of London daily journals, apparently untouched from the time of their issue from their respective printing offices.

It has been concluded that for any constant volume the specific heat, whether at constant volume or at constant pressure, decreases to a limiting value with rise of temperature, and subsequently increases and that the smaller the volume the more rapid the change of temperature.

The strength of spider silk is incredible. Size for size it is considerably tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary spider thread is capable of bearing a weight of three grains, while a steel thread of the same thickness would support less than two.

Young George Vanderbilt, the most studious and retiring member of the rich family, is slender and stoop shouldered, with black eyes and swarthy complexion. He cares nothing for society or for the usual advantages that great wealth confers.

TO BE SEEN IN EGYPT.

IMMORTAL SIGNATURES UNDER THE SPHINX'S LEFT EAR.

Colonel Mason, of Chicago, Finds the Names of Napoleon, Wellington, Disraeli, Grant and a Host of Others, Topped by an Illustrious American's.

"My sojourn in Europe," says Colonel Edward G. Mason, president of the Chicago Historical society, "was wholly delightful. The climate is salubrious, the scenery is bewilderingly novel, and the natives are politely attentive. When I went to that part of the world my health was failing. For several years I had worked hard, and my nerves had suffered a particularly severe strain in that famous debate in which, as president of the Historical society, I was compelled to engage with Hiram Atwater, of Kaskaskia, relative to the exact location of Pierre Menard's barn prior to the June rise in the Mississippi in 1844. I had been in Cairo but a week when I felt fully restored, in corpore et in mente. I return to Chicago splendidly equipped to grapple with the brilliant sophistries of Norton, the artful heresies of Head, the cold pessimism of MacVeagh, and such other specious persuasions as that talented coterie with which I am wont to associate may choose to bring to bear upon me.

"That object in all Eygyt which most engaged my attention was the sphinx. I visited it a number of times, and each time regarded it with absorbing interest. My companion at such times was the venerable sheik, Kamir-el-Abdul, a man of profound learning, and I never wearied of the reminiscences with which he beguiled the tedium of the journey to and from the pyramids.

"I shall never forget my first visit to the sphinx. Starting from Cairo before daylight, we reached our destination just as the solar orb issuing from the glowing east cast upon that mighty stretch of sand the rosy flood of his gracious benediction. The sullen head and massive shoulders of the beast woman loomed up threateningly before us, the pitilessness of forty centuries of desolate loneliness lay like a shadow on the ruthless face and over the cruel eyes; here at last I found the master expression of utter hopelessness. Observing my unwonted seriousness—for I was indeed awed by the solemnity, the grandeur, and the awfulness of this spectacle—the good sheik sought to dissipate the gathering clouds of sadness by relating certain entertaining bits of historical information.

TALKING WITH A SHEIK.

"'Here, light of the western world,' quoth he, for he always employed the ornate metaphors of the orient when he addressed me; 'here the years meet and speak with one another. Monarchs of all ages have come hither to commune with this mighty monument to the genius of the dead; hither come artisans to wonder at the work of an art they know not of, and hither repair the sage, the poet and the philosopher to ruminate in the shadow of this pile upon the awful mysteries of human life.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'the spot is pregnant of the most solemn associations. It was here that, as I remember to have read in my geography, Bonaparte encouraged his soldiery to battle by reminding them that from yonder pyramids forty centuries looked down upon them.'

"'Napoleon inscribed his name upon the sphinx at that time,' said the good sheik. 'Take your spyglass and you will see the name cut upon the neck of the sphinx, just below the ear there. Below it appears, in Turkish, the name of the great sultan, Abdul Hamed, while to the right, upon the cheek, you will see the name of Buffon, the naturalist.'

"'The head and face of the sphinx seems to be covered with names,' said I, contemplating the mammoth through my glass.

"'It is even so, pearl of the prairies,' said he. 'For many years the great men of all nations and tribes have delighted to cut their names into this deathless monument; even your people come hither to do that honorable office, as you shall see if you sweep your glass to the left and right and up and down the surface of that scarred face.'

"I did as the good sheik suggested, and a thousand noble names were presented to my enraptured vision by the aid of my glass. Among my own countrymen Bayard Taylor, Franklin, Burr, Prescott, Beecher, Grant, Longfellow, Emerson—yes, and a hundred others, representing our statesmanship, our theology, our literature, our arts and our sciences, had engraved their proud names upon this historic, this solemn, this imperishable tablet.

CLEAR ABOVE THEM ALL.

"And the great geniuses of other nations had been there too. I beheld with unfeigned delight the immortal names of Wellington, of Cuvier, of Goethe, of Cavour, of Kossuth, of Dumas, of Disraeli, of Shopenhauer, of Heine, of Byron, of Scott, of Burton, of Browning, and of other noble masters. The sight inspired me with indescribable feelings, my bosom heaved with conflicting emotions, and I seemed to commune with the invisible spirits of those who in this human life had borne those names.

"'Would the star of the west choose to set himself amid that galaxy?' inquired the sheik, Kamir-el-Abdul, interrupting my delicious reverie. 'I have brought with me a chisel and a maul, and yonder Arabs will provide us with a rope ladder, whereby the summit of the sphinx can easily be reached.'

"I thanked the good sheik for the suggestion. With what pride should I return to my native land and announce to my compatriots that my name was high in this roster of immortals! With what feelings of delight should posterity gather on these blistering sands and rivet their eyes upon the imperishable name of 'E. G. Mason' in big capital letters! Kamir-el-Abdul signaled to the Arabs, and they approached. I was eager for action. My whole frame quivered with excitement.

"'But stay,' quoth I. 'Another moment, I pray, until I decipher that name which stands boldly out high above the rest. Some transcendent genius has with consummate valor braved the perils of the endeavor and set his mark where no less noble hand may reach.'

"I scanned that name eagerly. A solemn stillness—fitting in its reverential absoluteness—reigned all around. I saw and read there, high above the rest, triumphing over the names and titles of emperors, kings, princes, warriors, statesmen and the rest, blazed, as it were the polar star set in the highest point of the heavens, the proud, the pre-eminent, the imperishable name of 'A. C. Anson, First Base!'"—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

A Bottomless Spring.

The great seltzer spring at Saratoga, N. Y., has been sounded to the depth of 3,300 feet without touching bottom or encountering any obstacle. This strengthens the belief that this great northern summer resort is built over a subterranean sea.—St. Louis Republic.

A Suggestion.

Mrs. Wheedle—If I were you I would take my sealskin cloak abroad. You will need it crossing the English channel.

Mrs. Wickstaff—But of what use will it be after that?

Mrs. Wheedle (significantly)—After you have lived in Paris a few days you will need the money.—Cloak Review.

A CRONE'S TALE, A. D 1545.

She came from a land across the sea,
With the sad faced priest with the hair of gold,
She told not her name nor her mother's kin,
But ever they talked of the days of old;

Of heathen men's ways, of popes and of kings,
Of the sunlight yellow and cornflowers red,
Of men forgotten, of by past things,
Of the sorrow of living, the rest of the dead.

A palmer brought him a letter one day
In the words they write far over the sea.
He kissed her lips so lily pale
And sped him away to that far countree.

Then ever she watched at the door by day,
And oft she stray'd in the cold moonlight;
Wan, wan she grew when the autumn came,
And she died on All Souls' night.

We sent to the chantry for Ralph the priest—
The broad chested man with the rosy brow—
She smiled when he came—a faint, cold smile,
"A priest! I shall never need one now."

So strangely she spake, and when he said
The words that some time we all must hear,
She folded her thin hands over her breast—
"What need we for torches, the daylight's near."

"The saved pass not thus," said the chantry priest,
As he went his way, the prayers half said;
But we could not deem that her soul was lost,
So we lighted the ghost candles round her bed.
—Edward Peacock in Academy.

WHY YOUR BABY CRIES.

EMINENT PHYSICIANS DIFFER REGARDING THE CAUSE.

Imbecile Babies Never Cry—Tearful Influence of Pins, Colic, Hunger and Thirst—Effect of Mourning Attire on Young Babies—Regular Habits.

Although all babies are not crybabies, all babies cry.

Crying and babies go together just as ham and eggs do, liver and bacon, hooks and eyes, shoes and stockings, bread and butter. The angelic baby whose wings decrease as his legs increase is the only animal that wastes his vitality in promiscuous yelling. And yet there is philosophy in the tuneless music of infancy not generally understood by the world at large. Although involuntary, a well organized baby will show as much intelligence in his crying as his parents may in thinking.

Being the anchor of its mother, no one should know more about the subject than mothers; but unfortunately no medical or professional women with children could be induced to express an opinion as to why a baby cries.

Of the fifteen women doctors seen only three had babies of their own, one had an urgent case to attend and begged to be excused, the other was in a hurry to catch a train, and the third remarked, with masculine emphasis, that she had no time to bother with reporters.

The following opinions, most cheerfully expressed by some of the representative members of the New York Medical society, will be read with both interest and pleasure by every mother and lover of a baby.

SUFFERING OFTEN THE CAUSE.

Dr. Janeway—Babies crying are babies speaking. It is their protest against pain, ill usage or neglect. But one mother knows more about the causes than 40,000 doctors.

Dr. J. W. Dowling—A baby does not cry aimlessly. If there is a pin in his flesh, if his stomach is full of wind, if he has indigestion, cold feet or a headache he will cry long and loud. He will cry, too, if he is hungry, thirsty, sleepy, angry, hot or cold. The colicky cry is loud, emphatic and impressive; it has a businesslike, imperative, ring to it that calls for immediate and remedial attention.

When the brain is affected the cry is sharp and shrill, amounting to a shriek at times, and is indicative of intense and unbearable pain. A cry of this sort is positively agonizing to the listeners, for there is no mistaking the pain felt by the little one.

Then there is the teething cry—a pitiful, incessant, unremitting little whine that is at times incisive and petulant, and accompanied by restlessness and ill temper. The hungry cry is a bawl, vehement, eager, urgent and impatient.

The sleepy cry is something of a wail, but not tearful as a rule. The child is frequently sweet tempered, though indifferent, generally nervous and heavy eyed. The vicious cry, caused by restraint or disappointment, is noisy, clamorous, lusty and rebellious; there is more volume of voice than tears, the quality and size of the tone depending upon the anger of the little one.

It is a good test of the condition of the respiratory organs, and can be maintained for hours by a strong, healthy child. If it has inherited the willful, domineering traits of a parent or grandparent, it may throw itself on the floor, kick, scream and roll about for variety and keep up the howl until the opponent yields or it has exhausted its lung power.

Thousands of times pins are the cause of infantile outbursts. No baby will cry if it is well and happy. Crying is a demonstration of suffering, discomfort, neglect or hereditary viciousness.

HUNGER, THIRST AND FEAR.

Dr. Sumner A. Mason—A baby does most of his crying because he is hungry. The cry of thirst, while not frequent, is invariably taken for grief, anger or sleepiness, and the mother spends hours patting and rocking the youngster, when a tablespoonful of cold water would make him perfectly happy. Aside from the cry caused by hunger, thirst and teething, there are almost as many other cries as there are infantile disorders.

For instance, there is the expiratory moan in pneumonia, and the husky cry that follows the coughing; there is the broken cry in croup, bronchitis and pleurisy; the continuous cry of earache, the shrill cry, accompanied by a drawing up of the legs, in stomach ache; the screaming, and wriggling of the hips in intestinal pain, irritability of the bladder, the whining cry of meningitis, when the baby fancies a bright light, and there is the silent cry when the muscles of the face contract, but some mechanical obstruction of the air passages occurs, and there is not enough strength to produce sound.

Dr. J. Lewis Smith—The instant a child is born it cries. This is a providential expansion of the lungs and not, as many suppose, an indication of suffering or pain. If the babe does not cry, we slap it and chafe it until the cry that is to open the organs of respiration is heard. Well developed, well formed and healthy babies cry lustily at birth, while the weak child has a feeble little cry. For the first few months, varying with the bodily condition of the babe, the cry is tearless, and it is not till the second year that the lachrymal or tear ducts are fully developed. After that there is a copious shedding, and a very slight cause will lead to crying.

Children are not born without fear, and at sight of a strange person, object or an animal a baby of average intelligence will cry. A black dog, black cat or a horse will produce more disturbance in the mind of a baby than a white kitten, canary bird or a white rabbit. Children are visibly attracted by any bright object; they never tire of looking at a bright light; flowers please them, and they are drawn to people gayly or brightly dressed. A child refusing to go to a relative in dark clothes would not hesitate if the suit were changed to a light color, with a white, red or blue necktie.—New York World.

Frogging Is Done in Two Ways.

"Frogging" is a sport and a business to marsh dwellers near this town. Far out on Long Island and over in New Jersey hundreds of men and boys patrol the marshes for frogs. The day frogger, clad in hip boots and usually accompanied by a dog, walks along the bank of a ditch or stream keenly watching for the green back and great eyes of his prey. The frog is also on the watch, and as soon as he catches sight of the hunter eyes and back disappear beneath the water. The frogger expects this, and is prompt to act.

He steps into the water near the spot where froggy was, and with almost unerring hand lays thumb and finger upon the creature's neck. A sharp pinch snaps the spinal cord, and the frog is presently plumped into a basket or game bag. If the frog jumps from bank to stream at the hunter's approach the latter hardly expects to bag the game, but the skilled hunter nearly always catches the frog that is first discovered sitting in the water.

The night frogger goes in a boat with a "hawkeye" lantern at the bow. The light not only discovers the frog to the hunter, but also fascinates the game so that he is easily shot with a rifle or scooped up with a net. The night cry of the frog guides the hunter to the victim's hiding place. Those that go for sport usually shoot the game, but the pot hunter prefers to take the frogs alive in the net, as a method less likely to frighten off his intended prize. Some hunters catch as many as twenty dozen frogs in the course of a night, when all the conditions are favorable. Frogs bring at wholesale from $1 to $1.25 a dozen, but the frogging season is short and the success of the hunter varies greatly with the weather.—New York Recorder.

Where to Find Honest Men.

"Please, sir, when I went up town this afternoon I left the change of a dollar behind me. Do you remember it?"

"What was it you gave me, miss—a silver dollar or a bill?" inquired the ticket seller at the up town station of the Sixth avenue "L" road as he looked out of his window at a blue eyed young lady who seemed much embarrassed.

"Oh! it was paper, sir, and it was a new, crisp bill. I was in a hurry for the train, and I just hurried through without thinking about the change."

The agent had a little pile of silver ninety-five cents in all, set apart from the rest of his money, and he handed it out to the young lady with a——

"There you are, miss, I kept it for you."

"Oh, dear! thank you," and the young lady went her way rejoicing.

"You wouldn't believe it," remarked the ticket agent, "but people forget to wait for their change at the elevated railroad stations every day. Down here it often happens. So many people come over the bridge from Brooklyn, and they are always in a great hurry to get up town. All sorts of people leave their change, men, women and children, but they all come back for it as a rule. Why, there have been several times when I have had ten or fifteen dollars waiting for patrons of the road who just slapped down their money and rushed through the gate."—New York Telegram.

All Classes in England's Booking Offices.

Booking clerks are drawn from all classes, and mystery enshrouds many of them. If they are elderly, the chances are that they have been in some other line of business and failed, and through a little influence have managed to get on the line. They can be seen at all ages, sizes and heights. The 6 feet 2 inches man will take his turn with a lad a trifle over four feet, and the thin, delicate lad weighing seven stone will change duty with a man turning the scale at sixteen or seventeen stone. Some can show a pedigree that a Highlander might envy, and others—well, would rather not have theirs inquired into.

Officers in the army who have met with reverses or misfortune have been known to accept the post of booking clerk. One such was some years ago at a large station in the West Riding, and was recognized by an old private who had served under him, and who addressed him by his military rank. It was very galling to him that he should be recognized, and still more so that his fellow clerks should know what he had intended keeping secret. Sons of officers, parsons and doctors abound in the service; but they do not always take kindly to their work, and seldom rise to any position.—Chambers' Journal.

Protection in Louisiana.

The following letter was sent to the committee of the Tariff League banquet by Congressman H. Dudley Coleman, who voted against the McKinley bill:

Business engagements will prevent my leaving this city in time to be with you in person. I have, however, taken the liberty of sending to you this day by express, charges prepaid, a few samples of protective products of Louisiana—sugar, rice, salt, oranges, peanuts and pecans. It would have afforded me much pleasure to have sent a supply of these protective Louisiana products sufficient for the requirements of a banquet of 500 plates; but these samples will show to our friends that Louisiana is interested in the proposition of "Protection to American industries" as a principle. These samples of sugar and rice are placed in glass boxes and made in imitation of cotton bales. The cotton is sent in this case as packing material and to prevent breakages. You are authorized to make such distribution of these samples as you deem proper and as may suit your convenience, and I sincerely hope you will not be bothered or inconvenienced by the receipt of them. I have had the pleasure of meeting most of the distinguished speakers who will be present at your banquet, and I should enjoy very much meeting them again and hearing their eloquent speeches on the subject of Protection to American industries and American labor.

Security Enough.

The story is told of a rather impecunious young man of this city that he had ordered a suit of clothing which was solemnly promised for Saturday evening. Of course the tailor did not keep his word, and about 9 o'clock a boy came from the store bringing the trousers and an apology that the coat was not completed. The disappointed youth expressed his regret, but told the boy to leave the trousers and he would make a shift to get along. Thereupon the messenger said that he could not deliver the garment until he had collected eight dollars. "That will be all right," said the customer; "Jones has the coat and vest. What more security does he want?"—Detroit Free Press.

Writing on the Cars.

There are two ways of writing on a train. The first requires that the paper be laid upon a light board, perhaps eighteen inches square. One end of this will rest in your lap, and the end furthest from you will be raised a few inches by a cord which passes around the neck. The whole affords a sloping desk which moves with the body, and is fairly satisfactory. The simpler and perhaps the better plan is to place your tablet upon a feather pillow in your lap, when you will find that the elasticity of the feathers reduces the motion to a minimum, and makes writing easy.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Sarcasm Foiled.

Bachelor Uncle (sarcastically)—I suppose you think your baby is the prettiest that ever lived?

Happy Mamma—Oh, no. We think he looks strikingly like you.—Harper's Bazar.

It Must Have Been Sho.

The Satisfied Girl—We are never going to quarrel after we are married, Jack and I.

The Worldly Wise Matron—Which one has agreed to let the other have his own way all the time.—Munsey's Weekly.

A NAUTICAL EXPLOIT.

On the morning of March 18, 1862, the Liverpool ship Emily St. Pierre (William Wilson, captain) arrived within about twelve miles of Charleston and signaled for a pilot. She had made a long and tedious voyage of four months from Calcutta, bound for St. John, N. B., calling at Charleston for orders, if Charleston was open. If the southern port was blockaded Captain Wilson's orders were to proceed direct to the British port of St. John, N. B. The ship had formerly belonged to Charleston, but since the outbreak of the civil war she had sailed under the English flag. Her nominal owners were Messrs. Fraser, Trenholm & Co., of 10 Rumford place, Liverpool, a firm doing an extensive business, who had very close relations with the Confederate or southern states, for whom they acted as bankers and agents in this country.

The ship was hailed by a vessel which proved to be the northern cruiser James Adger, and in response Captain Wilson hauled up his courses, backed his mainyard and lay to. An American naval lieutenant and a score of men came on board and demanded his papers. The manifest showed an innocent cargo, 2,000 bales of gunny bags, and the registration of the ship as English was in due order. The captain demanded permission to proceed, Charleston being blockaded, to his destination, the British port of St. John. The lieutenant refused, and referred the matter to his superior in command; and the two vessels proceeded into Charleston roadstead, where they arrived at 2:30 in the afternoon.

Captain Wilson was ordered on board the flagship of the blockading squadron, the Florida, where he was kept for two hours in solitude and suspense. At last a flag officer, Captain Goldboro, came to him and said they had decided to seize the Emily St. Pierre on several grounds. He asserted that she carried contraband goods of war—namely, saltpeter; that her English registration was not bona fide, that many articles on board had been found bearing the name of Charleston; that the same word had been scraped out on her stern and substituted by the name Liverpool; that Captain Wilson had not disclosed all his papers, but had been observed from the James Adger to throw overboard and sink a small parcel, probably of incriminating documents.

Captain Wilson protested, and appealed to the maritime law of nations. But in vain. He was informed that the law courts of Philadelphia would adjudicate the matter, and finally Captain Wilson was invited to take passage in his vessel to Philadelphia, and to place at the disposal of the navigator his charts and instruments. The invitation in form was in fact a command. He returned to his vessel to find that his crew had all been removed with the exception of two, who were not sailors, the steward and an Irishman named Matthew Montgomery, and the cook, a German named Louis Schelvin, hailing from Frankfort-on-the-Main. These were merely passengers, and with them was an American engineer who had obtained permission to take passage to Philadelphia.

The prize crew who took charge of the vessel consisted of Lieutenant Stone, of the United States navy, in command, a master's mate and twelve men—fourteen in all; with the American passenger fifteen. The moment that Captain Wilson stepped again on board his own vessel he formed a resolution to recapture her and take her home. He was bold enough to think that it might be possible to recapture the ship even against such odds. An unarmed man, aided by the questionable support of an Irish steward and a German cook, was practically powerless against the fifteen of the crew. On the other hand, Captain Wilson was a brawny, big framed Scotchman (a native of Dumfriesshire), a thorough seaman, determined in resolve, cool and prompt in action.

He called the steward and the cook to him in his stateroom and disclosed the wild project he had formed. Both manfully promised to stand by their chief. This was at 4:30 on the morning of March 21, the third day out from Charleston. Captain Wilson had already formed his plan of operations, and had prepared to a certain extent for carrying it out. With the promise of the cook and the steward secured, he lost no time, gave them no chance for their courage to evaporate, but proceeded at once in the darkness and silence of the night to carry out his desperate undertaking. He was prepared to lose his life or to have his ship, that was the simple alternative.

It was Lieutenant Stone's watch on deck, and the prize master's mate was asleep in his berth. The English captain went into the berth, handed out the mate's sword and revolvers, clapped a gag made of a piece of wood and some marline between his teeth, seized his hands, which Montgomery, the steward, quickly ironed, and so left him secure. The lieutenant still paced the deck, undisturbed by a sound. Then across to another stateroom, where the American engineer lay asleep. He was also gagged and ironed silently and without disturbance. His revolvers and those already secured were given to the steward and the cook, who remained below in the cabin. Captain Wilson went on deck.

Lieutenant Stone was pacing the deck, and the watch consisted of one man at the helm, one at the lookout on the forecastle and three others who were about the ship. For ten minutes Captain Wilson walked up and down, remarking on the fair wind and making believe that he had but just turned out. The ship was off Cape Hatteras, midway of their journey between Charleston and Philadelphia, the most easterly projection of the land on that coast. It is difficult navigation thereabouts, with cross currents and a tendency to fogs, affording the two captains a subject for talk.

"Let her go free a bit, Captain Stone; you are too close to the cape, I tell you, and I know."

"We have plenty of offing," replied the lieutenant. And then to the helmsman: "How's her head?"

"Northeast and by east, sir," came the reply.

"Keep her so. I tell you it is right," said the lieutenant.

"Well, of course I'm not responsible now, but I'm an older sailor than you, Captain Stone, and I tell you if you want to clear Cape Hatteras another two points east will do no harm. Do but look at my chart; I left it open on the cabin table. And the coffee will be ready now." And Captain Wilson led the way from the poop to the cabin, followed by the commander.

There was a passage about five yards long leading from the deck to the cabin, a door at either end. The captain stopped at the first door, closing it, and picking from behind it an iron belaying pin which he had placed there. The younger man went forward to the cabin, where the chart lay open on the table. "Stone!"

He turned at the sudden, peremptory exclamation of his name. His arm upraised, the heavy iron bolt in his hand, in low, but hard, eager, quick words, "My ship shall never go to Philadelphia!" said the captain. He did not strike. It was unnecessary. Montgomery had thrust the gag into the young lieutenant's mouth; he was bound hand and foot, bundled into a berth, and the door locked. Three out of the fifteen were thus disposed of. There was still the watch on deck and the watch below.

The construction of the Emily St. Pierre was of a kind not unusual, but still not very common. The quarters of the crew were not in the forecastle, but in a roundhouse amidships. The name does not describe its shape. It was an oblong house on deck, with windows and one door. From the poop or upper deck at the stern over the cabins and staterooms, and the passage before mentioned, there was a companion stair on the port side leading to the deck at the waist, while a similar companionway at the stern led down to the level of the deck, which could also be approached direct from the cabins through the passage.

In this space behind the poop was the wheels, slightly raised for the steersman to see clear of the poop, and there was a hatchway leading to the lazarette hold, a small supplementary hold usually devoted to stores, extra gear, coils of spare rope, and so on. Nothing that might be done on this part of the deck could be seen, therefore, from the waist of the ship, nor vice versa, except by the steersman, who was elevated by a step or two above the level.

Coming on this part of the deck from the cabin Captain Wilson called to the three men who were about, and, pointing to a heavy coil of rope in the lazarette, ordered them to get it up at once—Lieutenant Stone's orders. They jumped down without demur, suspecting nothing, as soon as the captain shoved the hatch aside. They were no sooner in than he quickly replaced and fastened the hatch. The three were securely trapped in full view of the helmsman, whose sailor's instinct kept him in his place at the wheel.

"If you utter a word or make a move," said the captain, showing a revolver, "I'll blow your brains out," and then he called aft the lookout man, the last of the watch on deck. The man came aft. Would he help to navigate the ship to England? No, he would not. He was an American. Then would he call the watch? He would do that. And eagerly he did it, but the next moment he was laid low on the deck and bundled unceremoniously into the lazarette with his three companions, the hatchway replaced and secured, Captain Wilson standing on guard at it.

Meanwhile the watch below had been called and was astir. When sailors tumble out they generally do so gradually and by twos and threes. The first two that came aft were quickly overpowered, one at a time, and bound. The third man drew his knife and rushed at the steward, who fired, wounding him severely in the shoulder. It was the only shot that was fired. Finding that cook and steward and captain were all armed, the rest of the watch below quietly surrendered and submitted to be locked in the round house, prisoners of the bold and resolute man who, in the course of an hour, had thus regained possession of his ship against overwhelming odds.

The first thing was to wash and bandage the wounded shoulder of the man who was shot, the next to put all the prisoners in the round house under lock and key. Four of them out of twelve volunteered to assist in working the ship rather than submit to the tedium of imprisonment. The irony of fate! Not one of them could steer except one, and he imperfectly. And the courses are set, and topsails, lower and upper, are drawing, and the topgallant sails too. Pray heaven this wind may last and no stronger!

The lieutenant was admitted to the captain's table under guard and on parole. The meal over, he was ushered into his stateroom and locked in. Once a day only—for the captain is captain and crew combined—bread and beef and water were passed to the prisoners in the round house; no more attention than absolutely necessary could be spared to them.

For thirty days they sailed with westerly gales behind them. They made the channel in safety, and the code signal was hoisted as they passed up the channel. On the morning of April 21, exactly one month since her course was altered off Cape Hatteras, the Emily St. Pierre threaded the devious channels which lead into the broad estuary of the Mersey, the anchor fell with a plunge and an eager rattle of the leaping cable chain, and the ship rode stately on the rushing tide.

Much was made of Captain Wilson during the next few days. All England rang with applause of his brave exploit. Meetings were convened, presentations were made, speeches were delivered to an extent that might have turned the head of a less simple and true hearted man. Large sums of money were subscribed, of which plucky Matthew Montgomery and honest Louis Shelvin, the cook, got their share. But probably the happiest and proudest moment of his life was when the captain stood on deck on the day of the arrival, his wife by his side, beside her the owner of the ship, Charles K. Prioleau, of Frazer, Trenholm & Co., while he narrated in simple words the story of his exploit. His big beard was torn and ragged, his eyes bloodshot with weariness and lack of sleep, his face haggard, weatherbeaten and drawn; but he was a man of whom all England was proud—a man to inspire her with the faith that the race of heroes does not die.—Chambers' Journal.

Only Ten Years.

He—Do the De Courtney's know many people in New York?

She—Oh, dear, no. Why, they have lived here only ten years.—Life.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1891.

THE Indiana Courier, published at Newcastle, Indiana, by John W. Grubbs, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary by issuing a souvenir number which is chock full of interesting news. It is a newsy paper and deserves its success.

ELIHU THOMPSON, the Boston electrician, who is regarded as Edison's most formidable rival, is a slender young man with clear cut features, a small brown mustache and wavy brown hair. He is a bright talker, a good listener and is very popular among the electricians of the East.

ITALY finds that the change from Crispis' ministry to that of Rudini has not altered the foreign policy of the country. The alliance into which Italy has entered enforces the obligations of maintaining extensive armaments upon the nation, according to Premier Rudini's statement to the Senate. The people of Europe will eventually find that it costs to mantain monarchies.

COLONEL NICHOLAS LEBEL, the inventor of the Lebel rifle, which has been adopted by the French army, is dead. This invention is one that was of great value, reducing as it did, the bore and size of the rifle and increasing the penetrating powers. Perhaps in the inevitable conflict between France and Germany, which is bound to ensue, his invention will play an important part.

THE nomination of ex-Congressman Wm. McKinley as the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio, is a well-earned and deserved testimonial to the man to whom the tariff bill, which bears his name, owes its inception. Now what is needed and what will undoubtedly be furnished will be a good majority of the votes cast in the fall election. The people of Ohio will criticize the McKinley bill by their ballots, a criticism which will be sure to result favorably for the Ohio orator.

BEHRING SEA matters will now be in a quiet state for a year. An agreement has been effected between England and the United States to proclaim a closed season for the space of one year. This is not to be regarded as an American victory. By allowing England to enter into such an agreement, it, in a measure, concedes her right to refuse to regard the sea as being under the jurisdiction of this country. When this country purchased Alaska of the Russians, it obtained possession of the same claims to sovereignty over the sea as belonged to that country. When the matter is finally settled it must be done in terms that recognize the sole right of America to control and have jurisdiction over the seal fisheries, Lord Salisbury to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE Republicans in some of the Western States, who have been beguiled into joining the Alliance third party movement, are beginning to see wherein they have erred in associating themselves with the movement. A leopard never changes his spots, neither does a Bourbon Democrat deviate from the path of his party. The Democratic members of the Alliance were on hand when a noise was to be made, but would not take any action that would be likely to prove prejudicial to the success of their party. The bulk of the votes which were expected to adhere to the new party was sure to be from the Republican members of the Alliance, and the fact that the Republicans refuse to allow themselves to be used as a cat's paw to draw Democratic chestnuts from the fire, testifies strongly for their stock of solid sense.

THE great woolen mills of Charles Spencer & Co., in Germantown, known as the Leicester mills, caught fire on Tuesday morning, at 12.25, in the woolen storage department, and in a few moments the big structure was enveloped in flames. The fire originated among woolen waste in course of manufacture and it spread with great rapidity from the third floor to the attic and then attacked the roof. In a few minutes after the fire began 1,000 people were on the ground and the firemen, who had begun to pour streams of water on the building, were impeded in their work. The dry material formed fuel for the flames and before the fire department had arrived the third floor had almost entirely burned out. When the flames shot through the roof the wind fanned them with terrific force and shot them to other directions of the building until the storage house went down with a crash and added additional fuel to the fire. The loss will be about $30,000, fully covered by insurance.

THE PARROT'S CHATTER.

THE BIRD WHICH CRIES "THE TARIFF IS A TAX."

He Is Now in the New York World Office—The "Tax" on Socks, Shirts, Eyeglasses and Clothes—Some Points About American Watches.

Many of our Free-trade contemporaries pleased themselves and their Anglomaniac readers and owners by mentioning the duties imposed on articles used at the Tariff league dinner or worn by the guests, and asserting, either directly or by implication, that these duties were added to the cost of the articles used.

The World in particular was very much exercised over the increased cost of clothing, and gave a long list of garments and other accoutrements with the duty and what it calls the tax added. Some of these items are reproduced, as:

	Duty.	Tax.
1 pair socks, cotton..	$1 doz. and 40 p. c.	.21

Now a man has either to buy something extremely fancy or go to the store of a "reformer" to pay more than 25 cents for a pair of cotton socks.

	Duty.	Tax.
1 shirt....................	55 p. c.	.55

These are sold at any store off from Fifth avenue boiled and starched for $1, or unlaundered for 89 cents.

	Duty.	Tax.
1 suit clothing......	49½c. lb. and 60 p. c.	14.49

The stores are full of good suits of clothes for $10, and more suits of clothes, coat, vest and trousers, are sold in this city for less than $15 than at a greater price.

	Duty.	Tax.
1 pair eyeglasses..........	60 p. c.	.60
1 pair eyeglass frames.....	60 p. c.	.18

Possibly The World's nose is so constructed that it is necessary for it on buying a pair of eyeglasses to immediately purchase a pair of eyeglass frames, but most people don't have to do it.

	Duty.	Tax.
1 cord for eyeglasses......	50 p. c.	.05

This is a "snide" charge. Even the street vendors who peddle eyeglasses at 25 cents a pair throw in a cord.

	Duty.	Tax.
1 watch..................	25 p. c.	5.00

This is rather an unfortunate item, in view of the following which appeared in many newspapers just before the dinner, from a paper read by Mr. Jeremiah Head, of Middlesborough, England, on his visit to this country.

"If you think I exaggerate, let me ask you to compare the manufacture of watches as it existed in England twenty years ago with the same as it exists in Waltham to-day. All materials, labor, prestige and experience were in our favor, and we ought to have retained the trade. Nevertheless, English consumers are today buying American watches in large quantities, and better ones for the money than can be made here."

Mr. Head further says:

"All this is because they have perfected their types and organized the manufacture in a more thoroughly scientific and better manner than our habits and prejudices would admit of our doing."

But, as a matter of fact, American watches are cheaper and better than English watches because this duty which The World calls a tax encouraged American watch makers to organize their factories in a more thoroughly scientific manner than their English and Swiss competitors are willing to, with their determination to keep both their investments in the machinery and wages low. The cheap production of watches, like the production of anything else to which machinery is applicable, is merely a matter of the capital the producers can raise to put into machinery and the intelligence of the operatives.

The lifelong effort of The World has been to destroy confidence in the future of American manufacturing, both in the cause of the English, whose industrial and banking interests it champions, and because the making and operating of the machinery necessitated by our high wages requires intelligent and well paid operatives—men as a class who do not support The World nor approve of its objects.

A Tribute to Mrs. McKinley.

Mrs. McKinley is another of the ladies who, like Mrs. Harrison, favor American silks and employ home dressmakers. Though an invalid and rarely seen in public, the wife of the distinguished Ohio protectionist is one of the daintiest of women in matters of dress. She has a particular fondness for soft silks in pale shades of blue and delicate grays, and while these are made with every regard for ease and comfort they are always well fitted, trim and stylish.

In spite of her long years of suffering and semi-imprisonment in their Ohio home and at the Ebbitt House in Washington, Mrs. McKinley retains much of the beauty that made her a belle in Canton twenty years ago, and, unlike so many women in a similar delicate state of health, she has never lost her pleasure in pretty gowns and pride of personal appearance. Rather might one say that she has never lost the desire to delight her husband's eye and win his admiration.

In matters of dress, as well as in every other detail of her circumscribed life, his approval and pleasure are her only consideration, and when that grave, handsome lover has expressed his pleasure that particular gown becomes a favorite costume. It is almost impossible to speak of this couple without reference to the mutual devotion that is a perpetual marvel to the members of our restless, mismated condition.

It is safe to say that in the length and breadth of the land cannot be found the wife of any man so cherished, the husband of any woman so adored, nor is there a woman of radiant health and loveliness who queens it in the world who carries a more quiet heart or drinks more deeply of the joy of living than this invalid of many years shut out from the world and its thousand interests. It is good to have seen such a pair once in a lifetime. It is a good thing to have a reasonable doubt as to whether marriage is a failure.—Florence Huntley.

THE LION OR THE EAGLE?

Is Americanism to Be the Issue in the Coming Campaign?

The American Economist has the following spirited editorial in a recent issue:

Are the people of these United States of America to produce what we use, or are foreign nations to do our work for us? Are we to be an independent people, or are we to be dependent for our supplies on other nations in general, and Great Britain in particular?

If these questions have not received sufficient emphasis during the last few weeks we propose to raise them so emphatically that our mugwump friends will not be able to sneak away without an answer, and that answer must be unequivocal. If the Anglomaniacs can afford to make Americanism the coming issue we can afford to have them. A column of sneers at American products may satiate a few of the readers of the New York Times; paragraphs belittling American manufactures may tickle a few of those who stroke the lion's mane with the editor of The Post; but do loyal, patriotic Democrats want to be numbered among this band of commercial sneak thieves, who would hand over our industries to that notorious "fence" known as the British crown?

On the editorial page of the New York Times last Sunday appeared a reprint from an obscure sheet denouncing The Sun for giving a good report of the Tariff League banquet, and calling particular attention to its American features. This report appeared under the following headlines:

"Thoroughly American. Unique banquet of the Protective Tariff league. Celebrating glories of the tariff. Major McKinley describes its benefits to the people. The speakers and their sentiments, too, were American through and through."

Then, says this obscure sheet, which The Times so prominently indorses:

"After this conspicuous illustration of its strong sympathy with the leading feature of modern Republican propaganda, it is difficult to conceive how The Sun can longer masquerade as a Democratic paper."

Is there any mistaking these words? The "leading feature" alluded to was the glorification of American institutions, of American labor, of American industry, of American progress. Is the Democratic party then to join the mugwump band of pirates who would infest the sea of our unparalleled prosperity, pull down the Stars and Stripes and raise the black flag of Free-trade and misery? Shades of Jefferson and Jackson and Randall forbid! But if it is to be so we want to know it, and we want the people to know it. Let the issue be made squarely and boldly. Let us have no more straddling. Is it to be America for Americans or is it to be rule Britannia? The mask of "tariff reform" is too transparent for further use. If the following utterances from Congressman Johnson, of Ohio, expresses the sentiment of the Democratic party let them be proclaimed far and wide:

"I am a Free-trader because I am a Democrat.

"I am for Mills, of Texas, for speaker of the house, because I want to have an out and out Free-trader take the chair held by Reed.

"Let Democratic leaders, then, be men. They acknowledge Free-trade in private, let them stop talking in public of percentages merely."

Unfurl your flag, gentlemen, and let the colors be the same on both sides. Raise your emblem and let us hear whether it roars or screams. Are you for England or America?

Why I Am a Protectionist.

First—It brings together diversified industries which never fail to vastly increase the personal intelligence, industry and wage earnings of the people.

Second—It adds prodigiously to the power of increasing by machinery and steam and water power the necessaries of life and of advanced civilization, and also greatly cheapens the cost of subsistence.

Third—It furnishes an opportunity for every person to find the employment best adapted to his or her genius and capacity that will secure the largest income or the greatest happiness.

Fourth—It creates a home market, without which the cultivators of land in America would be but a little better off than our aborigines.

Fifth—It is the bulwark of national independence in peace or war.—Justin S. Morrill in American Economist.

No Cobden Club Banquet This Year.

And now we learn that the Cobden club has given up its annual dinner this year. No reasons are given, but of course there are reasons. A banquet is generally a time of rejoicing, and a Cobden club banquet in 1891, when Free-trade is in disgrace the world over, would be rather a misnomer. But with the announcement that the banquet was abandoned comes the news that the work of educating uncivilized countries like the United States is still to go on. Through their agents in this country pamphlets on the evils of Protection will continue to be spread over the west. One more effort will be made to influence a "robbed" and "tax burdened" people to adopt the policy of Cobden and Bright—then they will have their banquet. But will they have it?

THE TIN PLATE INDUSTRY.

Free-Traders Getting Deeper and Deeper in the Mire.

The Free-trade papers continue their efforts to persuade themselves and their readers that the manufacture of tin plates will not be established here under the new tariff. At first they confidently asserted that no one ever thought of investing a dollar in the industry in this country. Forced to recede from this position, they still kept up their absurd policy of denying the existence of definitely located plants. As these began to multiply and American tin plates began to appear they again shifted their ground and turned to ridiculing the new American product. They said at first that tin plates would not be made at all. Actually confronted with the shining sheets, they challenged the manufacturer to produce 100 boxes a day, a physical impossibility then, so soon after the enactment of the new tariff. But in due time the hundred boxes appeared, and, behold! your Free-trader dared the manufacturer to turn out 1,000 boxes a day. This is the point at which he has now arrived.

The progress of the new industry will soon drive him from this position also. It takes time to establish great tin plate plants, and the new law has been insured to our manufacturers only seven months. The increased duty on tin plates does not go into effect till next July. Protectionists can well afford to wait. The "tin plate liars" will suffer the fate of the McKinley prices liars, all in due time.

Who's "Got the Tin?"

"'Tis bold and bad, that tariff bill!"
The Free-trade croaker cried;
Then itemized so much of ill
That all could see he lied.

The days passed on. That tariff bill
Has proved a public boon.
The croaker's feebly croaking still,
But will be silenced soon.

He now begins to realize
That falsehood is a sin.
He could not blind the people's eyes—
Columbia's "got the tin!"

—Max Martin.

Humorous Labor Saving Helps.

To keep rats at a decent distance from the house throw bits of Limburger cheese around in the kitchen and pantry. The rats will then fly for their lives, knowing that in a day you will have to cast the cheese out and allow them to return in triumph.

If you would keep your Dresden china intact keep it for ornament only and use some cheap imitation ware on your table.

To keep a canary from singing put a moist shawl over the cage to keep out the sunshine and give him tonsilitis and chilblains.

To prevent the small boy from falling down the well have only a pump on the premises. To prevent the ashes from blowing in your face during the process of sifting always turn your back to the wind. Although this may seem the obvious thing to do, very few people ever thing of doing it.

To escape the mortification of having your clothesline robbed always dry your things on a clothes horse in the kitchen.—

The Alleghenies in Early Summer.

The beauty of the Allegheny Mountains in June, when the wealth of forest leafage and the rich profusion of flowers may be seen at their best, is a sight and experience that no one should miss. Ten days passed in the pure air of the mountains at this season of the year will be worth a world of good to those who will spend the greater part of the summer at home. It will fortify them against the heat and burden of the long, hot days of July and August, and create a physical strength which no other treatments could produce. The climate of the highlands is peculiarly delightful, and the mountain breezes do not permit the air to become uncomfortably warm. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tour of the 25th inst., to Cresson comes just in the nick of time and affords the opportunity desired. Round trip tickets, including one full day's board at the magnificent Mountain House, will be sold from Bristol at the low rate of $8.50.

The return coupons of excursion tickets will be good for ten days, including date of tour, and to those remaining for a longer period than one day a special reduction in hotel rates will be given. As the number of tickets for this tour will be limited persons intending to participate should secure their tickets at least three days in advance. Unused tickets will be redeemed at the General Office of the Company upon presentation, either in person or by letter. The train leaving 9.42 A. M., will connect with the special train leaving Broad Street Station at 10.40 A. M. This tour will be under the personal supervision of the Tourist Agent of the Company. A Chaperone will also accompany the party to attend to the wants of ladies unattended by escorts.

*It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

Sam Small, the well-known evangelist, has been expelled from the Methodist Episcopal church, by the Colorado State Conference, held at Denver, last Friday.

An old comrade-in-arms of Sir William Gordon-Cumming says that the Baronet's favorite beverage is brandy and soda, huge tumblers of which he used to sip in the evening. Sir William was present at the death of Capt. Burnaby, the heroic soldier and traveller, and with his sword cut down one of Burnaby's fiercest assailants.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Price 50c, and $1.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE.

The Northern Pacific Wonderland embraces a list of attractions simply unequalled. The Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis at the head of navigation on the Mississippi, Duluth, Ashland and the Superiors at the head of Lake Superior; to the westward the Lake Park Region of Minnesota, the Red River Valley wheat fields, Valley of the Yellowstone, Yellowstone National Park, Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley, Helena and Butte, Missoula and the Bitter Root Valley, Clarks Fork of the Columbia, Lakes Pend d'Oreille and Coeur d'Alene, Spokane City and Falls, Palouse, Walla Walla, Big Bend and Yakima agricultural districts, Mt. Tacoma and the Cascade Mountains, Tacoma, Seattle, Puyallup Valley, Snoqualmie Falls, Puget Sound, the Columbia River, Portland and the Willamette Valley, Gray's Harbor and City Willapa Harbor and City of South Bend, Victoria on Vancouvers Island, Alaska on the north and California on the south.

The Northern Pacific runs two daily express trains with Dining Car and complete Pullman service between St. Paul and Tacoma and Portland via Helena and Butte with Through Tourist and Vestibuled Pullman Sleepers from and to Chicago via the Wisconsin Central, and first class through sleeping car service in connection with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Passengers from the east leaving St. Louis in the forenoon and Chicago in the afternoon, will make close connections with the morning train out of St. Paul at 9 a.m. the following day; leaving Chicago at night, connection will be made with Train No. 1 out of St. Paul 4.15 the next afternoon.

Yellowstone Park Season, June 1st to October 1st.

District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying information, rates, maps, time tables, etc., or application can be made to Chas S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Write to above address for the latest and best map yet published of Alaska—just out.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, June 15, 1891.

Lots of men and women have yet to learn the pleasurable comfort of Outing Shoes. We have fifty sorts, and each special variety is made with some definite aim. Science and sense seize the shoe and train it to its duty.

For Tennis you can buy Shoes, at $1, or may pay $6 for "The Club" Shoes of gray buckskin with Russia leather saddle. The best.

Bicyclists need to be careful of Shoes. For their use the one perfect make is that adopted by the L. A. W., laced, low cut, $3, high cut, $4. We sell them.

The monotony of the sidewalks is relieved by colored Patent Leather Shoes. For men, $7.50, 4 colors; for women, $6, $6.50 and $7, in nine colors and combinations.

In general look the details that follow resemble the Muslin Underwear talk of yesterday. But every item is different. The second week of the special sale opens with increased power and interest.

Nightgowns:

Nightgowns of good muslin, Mother Hubbard yoke of 6 clusters of 42 plaits, trimmed with Hamburg edge, 60c: finer, 65c.

Good muslin Nightgowns of 6 rows of neat Hamburg insertion between fine plaits on neck, yoke and sleeves, trimmed with neat match pattern edge, 75c.

Fine good muslin Nightgowns, Mother Hubbard yoke of 4 rows neat embroidery between fine plaits, neck, yoke and sleeves trimmed with neat embroidery, plaited back and high full sleeves, $1.

Chemises:

Chemises of good muslin, Hamburg insertion and edge, 40c.

Chemises of fine muslin, Hamburg embroidery, 50c; in fine cambric, 60c.

Chemises of fine cambric, trimmed with Torchon lace, insertion and ribbon, 55c.

Chemises of very fine muslin or cambric, yoke of 5 rows of Hamburg edge and beading, 75c.

Corset Covers:

Corset Covers of either good cambric or muslin, with neat Hamburg edge, 15c. Three pieces only sold to one buyer.

Corset Covers of fine cambric, trimmed with neat embroidery, 25c. Finer and better, 50c.

Corset Covers of fine cambric, trimmed with Hamburg edge, 35c.

Drawers:

Masonville muslin Drawers, with wide hem and 2 clusters of 4 fine plaits each, 35c. Three pieces only sold to one buyer.

Drawers of good fine muslin neat Hamburg ruffle, plaits above, 50c.

Fine muslin Drawers, with extra wide fine Hamburg ruffle and plaits above, the $1 kind, 75c.

Strong talk but true. A China Matting Bargain—the best we ever have offered. 190 rolls, 27 inches, 40 yards, at $8.50—have been $18. The finest Fancy Matting imported.

Here's another Matting Rug chance. Japanese this time:

130 Rugs 27x54 inches, 50 cents.
100 Rugs 30x60 inches, 60 cents.
60 Rugs 36x72 inches, 75 cents.

Millions of dollars have been expended in Soap advertising during a few recent years. It is well that the resulting fortunes are secure.

Stanton's Naptha Soap lately compounded, is a practical scientific success. It does more things well than any competing Soap. Once introduced it becomes a necessity and advertises itself. It is well that others have had their day. Small chances to rivals now that Stanton's Naptha Soap is here. Its success comes without spending millions—hence it's cheapness.

1 cake, 7 cents; 2 cakes, 13 cents; 4 cakes, 25 cents; 100 cake box, $5.50.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Whitaker.

BRISTOL, June 18, 1891.

Watermelons. Red and White and Green all over. From the State of Georgia. Finer probably than any we will receive from Jersey. 25 and 75c. apiece. 5c. tasters.

A first-class Black Tea at 50 cents a pound; one that will give satisfaction cold or hot, can be had of us, which is up to very many high priced teas, and people will go a good ways in matching it for the money.

Sugar cured Pork, 11c. per pound. Salt Pork, 10c.

Sugar cured Hams, 12 to 16c. 12c. for those good as any one has, and 16c. for the tony Beechnut, all packed in Cotton.

Cheese, full cream, 2 pounds for 25 cents. 16 cents for Neufchatel.

Weights guaranteed on all our merchandise. 16 ounces to the pound.

Shoulders, 8¼c.

Canned Fish specialties. Bloater Paste for sandwiches, 12c. a can. American Sardines in oil, spiced and mustard, 7c. to 12c. German Sardines, smoked, 26c. French, boneless, 35c. Regulars, 18c. and 20 cents.

Salmon. Arctic, 15c.; Hapgood's and Bear, 18c.

Never despair of finding something to eat when Clams, Crabs, sturgeon, salt water Fish, including fresh mackeral, can be had. A greater variety can not be found at any of the seashore hotels.

Lobster, 24c.

Canned Meats. Armour's 2-pound Corned Beef, 20c. and 22 cents. Lunch Tongue, 28c.

S. I. WHITAKER.

Stores, { Mill and Cedar streets. Bath and Buckley streets.

A CHOICE LIST OF SUMMER RESORTS.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad:

Oconomowoc, Wis.	Clear Lake, Iowa.
Minocqua, Wis.	Lakes Okoboji, Ia.
Waukesha, Wis.	Spirit Lake, Iowa.
Palmyra, Wis.	Frontenac, Minn.
Tomahawk Lakes, Wis.	Lake Minnetonka, Minn.
Lakeside, Wis.	Ortonville, Minn.
Kilbourn City, Wis. (Dells of the Wisconsin.)	Prior Lake, Minn.
	White Bear Lake, Minn.
Beaver Dam, Wis.	Lake Madison So. Dakota.
Madison, Wis.	
Delavan, Wis.	Big Stone Lake, So. Dakota.
Sparta, Wis.	
Pewaukee, Wis.	Elkhart Lake, Wis.
Wausaukee, Wis.	Ontonagon, Mich.
Marquette, Mich.	Mackinaw, Mich.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to WM. KELLY, 16 South Broad St., Philadelphia, Trav. Pass. Agt. C. M. & St. P. Ry.

Miscellaneous

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELIZABETH PAXSON, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JAMES BUCKMAN, S. E. Cor. 8th and Green Streets, Phila.
JOHN COMLY, S. W. Cor. 15th and Race Sts., Phila.
Or ANTHONY SWAIN, Atty. Bristol Borough. Executors.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SETH W. BOOZ, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

DR. A. S. WILSON, Executor.
J. C. STUCKERT, Attorney.

Bristol Cash Grocery,
No. 57 Walnut Street, between Wood and Pond Streets.
J. CURTIS HOWELL, Proprietor
—A FULL LINE OF—
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
PRICES THE LOWEST.
All goods delivered.

FREDERICK KING,
DEALER IN
-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-
LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

CONFECTIONERY!
Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

W. H. VAN HORN,
Dealer in
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.
(Nimon's Old Stand)
Cor. Wood & Washington Sts.
BRISTOL, PA.
Goods Promptly Delivered.

F. H. WEIK,
Sanitary Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,
NO. 48 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.
All work entrusted to my care promptly and carefully attended to.

SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE
Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases. Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed. Advice free, day and evening. Strangers can be treated and return home same day. Offices private.
DR. W. H. WRIGHT,
241 North Ninth Street, above Race,
P. O. Box 295 Philadelphia.

ROBERT M. YARDLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Doylestown, Pa.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.
PERSONS wishing laborers or farm hands can be supplied by calling on
FERDINAND SENECA,
Penn Street, Bristol.

Charles Guyon,
GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!
—AND—
Hard Wood Finisher;
Washington St., next to School House,
BRISTOL, PA.

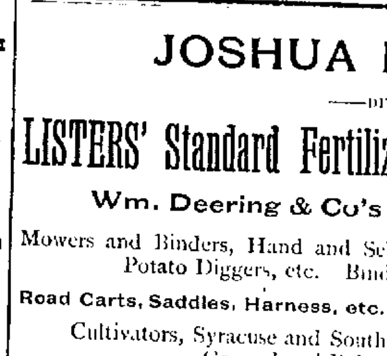
Don't Pay Such Extravagant Prices for Carriages and Harness.
WANTED, 50,000,000 PEOPLE!
To send for the largest Carriage and Harness Charts ever Published. Established 1862. I carry in stock everything I advertise and more too, over 100 distinct styles of each, Carriages and Harness. The most complete line of the latest designs in Novelties for Summer driving, including all styles of Canopy and No Top Buckboards for 2, 4, 6 and 8 passengers, Kron Prize Traps, Spindle Buggies, Spindle and Saratoga, Surries, Sporting, Game and Driving Wagons, all Russett Finished Buggies, Mineola and Cradle Spring Carts, Cutunders, Ladies' Loop and Park Phaetons, etc., Russet and Red Harness, White Canvas and English Rush Collars, and everything from the smallest Goat and Pony to the heaviest Express and finest Road, Track and Coach Harness, Saddles, and Complete Equestrian Outfits, Lap Robes, Dusters, Coolers, Sheets, Whips and everything pertaining to the Road, Track and Stable, making positively the largest assortment in America, and all at very Moderate Prices.
Call and examine, or send for Catalogue and Price List, as it will save you money.
JAMES H. BIRCH,
anufacturer of Light Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,
BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Furniture Repaired!
Having a Practical knowledge of Repairing and Upholstering Furniture, Re-Caning Chairs, Renovating Mattresses, etc., I have opened a
Repair Shop, on Radcliffe St.,
Opposite Silbert House,
Where I will be pleased to have you call and leave your work. Good Work, Low Prices. Repairing of Baby Coaches in a first-class manner.
JOSEPH C. FOSTER.

Miscellaneous

Tullytown Cheap Grocery,
ELMER E. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES at Low Prices.
FLOUR by the cwt. a specialty. Hardware, Binder Twine at Lowest Prices, Paris Green, etc.
GOODS First Quality. PRICES Very Low.
Give me a call and be convinced.
THE FARMER'S STORE.

HOUSEKEEPERS!
I wish to call your ESPECIAL ATTENTION to the Large and Elegant Assortment of
Parlor Suites, Bed Room Suites, Dining Room and Office Furniture of all Descriptions,
Embracing many New and Novel Effects. Over 50 different Patterns of Parlor Suites
OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, FROM $35 UP.
Three entire floors devoted to Bed Room Furniture. A good oak suite for $20. You are cordially invited to call when in Trenton and compare prices.
Lawrence Farrell,
144 & 146 N. Broad St. | TRENTON | 112 & 114 Academy St.

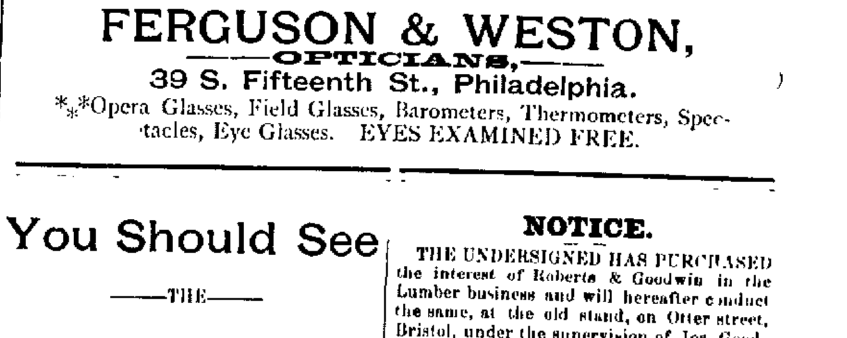


HARD PUSHING.

It requires "hard pushing" to dispose of poor wares. All sorts of schemes are devised to "palm off" inferior Clothing onto the unwary.
At Yates', corner 13th and Chestnut Sts., schemes are not in vogue—the goods sell themselves. They are gotten up with great care, are superior in every way and still are sold at moderate price.
A. C. YATES & Co.
Now Only Corner 13th and Chestnut Streets.

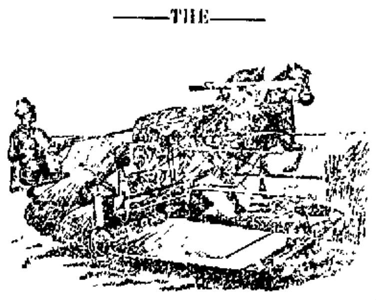
JOSHUA H. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
LISTERS' Standard Fertilizers, Van Brunt's Fertilizers,
Wm. Deering & Co's Harvesting Machinery,
Mowers and Binders, Hand and Self-Dumping Sulky Rakes, Hay Tedders, Potato Diggers, etc. Binder Twine constantly on hand.
Road Carts, Saddles, Harness, etc. N. Y. Horse Manure by the Car.
Cultivators, Syracuse and South Bend Plows, Plow Extras, Plaster, Ground and Bolted. Apples in Season.
TULLYTOWN, PA.

CLOTHING THAT NEVER FAILS.
PERFECT in cut and finish—always guaranteed for service—and the saving makes it worth your while.
WANAMAKER & BROWN, PHILA.
The Largest Clothing and Tailoring House in America.
We have been appointed Sales Agents for Bristol and vicinity, furnished with the new line of Samples, and the correctness of our measures is guaranteed by the House. Please call or send postal card.
When convenient, order a little in advance so that we may not fail to have the Clothing here the day you are ready.
YOST & STEPHEN, 34 Mill Street.
Also, Dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods.



FERGUSON & WESTON,
—OPTICIANS,—
39 S. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
*,*Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers, Spectacles, Eye Glasses. EYES EXAMINED FREE.

You Should See
—THE—



Low Down Binder
It will cut and bind from 8 to 12 acres a day of Rye, Wheat or Oats with two horses. Can drive it through a 10 ft. gate, or house it in a small space.
Good reference given and satisfaction guaranteed.
Samuel Goslin & Son,
Newportville, Bucks Co.

NOTICE.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS PURCHASED the interest of Roberts & Goodwin in the Lumber business and will hereafter conduct the same, at the old stand, on Otter street, Bristol, under the supervision of Jos. Goodwin, of the old firm.
We shall endeavor to meet the wants of the trade and hope to share your custom by attending to business and selling at the lowest cash prices.
FRED. LEIBFREID.

FOR SALE
ON EASY TERMS, THE FLOUR AND FEED Store, Coal Yard, Business Stand and Private Residence, situate Nos. 25, 27, 29, 31 and 33 Bath Street, belonging to the estate of Henry M. Wright, deceased, and now occupied by Edward Leedom & Son. Apply to
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol, Pa.

DR. H. D. FENIMORE,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Graduate of the American Veterinary College of New York.
Messages sent to 413 High Street, or The Burlington Club Stable, on Union St., back of the Market house, will receive prompt attention. Telephone No. 8, Burlington, N. J.

JESSE O. THOMAS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
BRISTOL, PA.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.
Salary and Expenses paid or commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age. The C. L. Van Dusen Nursery Co., Geneva, N. Y.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1891.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 7.16 P. M. Close at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 1.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45 A. M., 1.00, 5.00, 7.45 P. M. Closes at 8.45, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.45, A. M., 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—The Bachelors' Club picnic will be held at Oakland Park, on Saturday.

—The steamer John A. Warner now leaves the Mill street wharf at 7 a. m.

—The school of the Misses Cabeen closed on Tuesday for the summer vacation.

—A dog belonging to Ray Nevegold, which was supposed to be mad, was shot on Saturday by Officer Wilkinson.

—Wm. Rogers has moved from Mulberry street to a house on Radcliffe street above Walnut.

—The intense heat caused the employes of the Bristol Rolling Mill to discontinue work at noon yesterday.

—Mrs. Closson has purchased a lot in the rear of her property on Bath street from Mrs. Henry M. Wright for $1,000.

—DeGroot, the carpenter, has completed a small building on Bath street to be occupied by Henry Molden's barber shop.

—Auctioneer Harry C. Bendere, on Saturday afternoon, sold a lot on Otter street belonging to the estate of the late Sarah Winder, to Christopher Wall, for $1,060.

—Ernest Lawrence will erect two frame dwellings on Otter street, on the lot adjoining Mohican Hall. They have both been sold, one to Lewis Guyon, the other to Frank Flumm.

—The household effects of the late Elizabeth Paxson, will be sold at the dwelling formerly occupied by her on Radcliffe street, next Wednesday afternoon, by Auctioneer Edward N. Booz.

—The hot weather of Monday and Tuesday caused humanity to swelter. The post-office employes have a warm place, the theremometer in there registering 98 degrees at 2.30 Tuesday afternoon.

—The Farmers' National Bank will remain open on Saturdays, from June 15 to September 15 until 3 p. m., for the accommodation of customers, but protests will be mede at 12 o'clock in accordance with law.

—Thomas L. Leedom & Co. are putting in a magnificent 200 horse power Corliss engine in their mammoth carpet factory. It was built by Robert Wetherill & Co., of Chester, Pa., and will be running in about a week.

—The system of American Watchmen's Detective Clocks will be in working order in a week's time. The clocks combine not only the plan of recording the movements of the officers, but also have an alarm attachmeet that enables them to summon assistance from the town hall if necessary.

—Over four hundred wheelmen, members of the Century Club, passed through the borough last Saturday afternoon, en route from Newark to Philadelphia. They were a very tired and dusty-looking party when they passed through here, and were accompanied by three lady bicyclists.

—Mrs. Martha Comley, who died at Doylestown, Monday, aged 89 years, was the oldest living graduate of the Moravian Seminary at Bethlehem. A brother, Capt. William Downing, was commander of the United States frigate Greyhound, In her younger days she lived in Bristol, and was a noted belle.

—A lad named Walmsley, who lives on Jefferson avenue, was run into by a steam yacht on Saturday afternoon while he was canoeing on the Delaware near Beverly. His canoe was broken and capsized, and he had a difficult time getting to the shore, as the people in the yacht proffered him no assistance.

—Charles Ferry, a resident of the Fourth ward, was arrested last Thursday by Officer Hines, on a warrant charging him with attempting to secrete goods which had been seized for arrears of rent. He was taken before 'Squire Louderbough, who held him in $500 bail, in default of which he was, on Friday, taken to Doylestown.

—Work has been commenced on the new residence for Samuel Appleton at the corner of Buckley street and Forge Road. The building will be of brick, three stories high, having fine octagon windows, and will cost $7,000. The mason work is in charge of J. S. Wright and Albert Pierson, the carpentering being under the supervision of George Louderbough.

—The following letter was written by a Sioux Indian, a graduate of Carlisle College, to a lady in Bristol, describing his sensations on beholding the ocean for the first time:

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., June 9, '91.

DEAR MRS. ——: As you know, this is my first to seashore this year. Not knowing the real, general appearance of the ocean, it is a matter of consideration in a first sight. I don't know what kind of faces I made when I first saw the ocean. It is a great astonishing to me as I looked all over the ocean; there is nothing to be seen but simply water, that is all. I don't see how the sailors can stand these waves when its beat high. It must be required a great deal of bravery to face the waves and storm too.

The day was clear that I can see the ships on the water. As general rule, you know, that the Indian can see a far distant.

I was walking on the sand this morning. The waves would rush against me some time. I have enjoyed my trip very much.

Yours truly,

L. LEVERING.

—The following transfers of Bristol real estate have been presented at the recorder's office at Doylestown: Bristol borough—Executors of Henry M. Wright to Mary Dugan, lots, June 5, 1891, $1,000. Bristol borough—Administrator of Ellen Ann Juless to Alfred Clayton Johnson, lots, June 8, 1891, $121.50. Bristol borough—James M. Bruden to Albert Loechner, lots, June 5, 1891, $1,525.

—Shortly after twelve o'clock today the horses attached to Burton's stage, George Johnson, driver, became frightened while going over the Walnut street crossing at Pond street, and ran away. The driver was thrown out and bruised, the horses also being slightly injured. The refractory animals were caught on Mill street before any further damage was done.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol post-office June 18, 1891: Miss Lizzie Ashmore, Mrs. E. Clinton, Henry Laferty, Hugh Pigott, John Ramsey, M. L. Schreiner, Elizabeth Smedley, Miss Wright.

—Job printing of every description, from a visiting card to a mammoth poster, done at the GAZETTE office at reasonable rates.

—Commencement exercises will be held at St. Mark's Parochial School to-morrow evening.

—The thermometer's fall of thirty degrees is a relief to sweltering humanity hereabouts.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Harold Peirce is in town to-day.

Mrs. Emily N. Perkins is at Spring Lake.

Mrs. David Jones has returned from a visit to Jenkintown.

Miss Ida Linderman, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday in Bristol.

Miss Mary Newton, of Calais, Maine, is the guest of Miss Kate Bostwick.

Arthur Dorrance, a former resident of this town, spent a day here last week.

Harry B. Bartow, a former Bristolian, was visiting friends here last Sunday

Miss Jeanne Weeks, of West Philadelphia, is the guest of Miss Mary F. Fenimore.

Samuel Swain, who has been seriously ill for a number of weeks, is slowly convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Weir Gilkeson are visiting Mrs. Gilkeson's parents at Anondale on the Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Eldridge, on Tuesday, celebrated the fifth anniversary of their marriage.

George Hayden, one of Easton's prominent citizens, was in town the latter part of last week.

Rev. I. W. Goodhue leaves tomorrow for Atlantic City, where he will spend three or four days.

Richard H. Morris, Jr., who is at present located near Altoona, Pa., spent last Sunday in Bristol.

Mrs. Stacy B Pursell, who has been spending several weeks in Washington, D. C., has returned to Bristol.

Mrs. I. W. Goodhue and children, who have been visiting relatives in Washington, D.C., have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson who have been taking a tour to the Pacific coast, are expected home on Saturday.

Mrs. Capt. Lewis Tice left town on Monday for a several months cruise on her husband's vessel, a New England coaster.

Edward Swain and family leave Bristol to-day for Spring Lake, and will occupy their cottage there during the Summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Colhoun, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mrs. Colhoun's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoguet.

Mrs. Charles F. Shafer, of Lockport, N. Y., is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fathan Hellings, at Shady Side.

Mrs. Mary Bartow, of Philadelphia, who has been spending a week in Bristol, the guest of Captain and Mrs. Burnet Landreth, has returned home.

Joseph S. Peirce left Bristol last Monday, to visit his daughter, Mrs. Getchell, at Worcester, Mass. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Sarah Peirce, of West Philadelphia.

A lawn party will be given this evening by the Episcopal church at Eddington.

CHILDREN'S DAY OBSERVANCES.

Sunday was observed as "Children's Day" by the various Sunday-schools of the town, appropriate services being held in their places of worship.

The services at the Methodist Church were held in the afternoon. The church and alter had been tastefully decorated with flowers, making the scene a beautiful one. The singing was especially fine, the solos of Miss Deborah Douglass and Miss Kate Barton being finely rendered. The recitations and other exercises incident to the day were gone through with, the scholars entering into the spirit of the occasion. Rev. E. E. Burris delivered a short address to the children. The children of the infant school were each presented with a potted plant, after which the services terminated.

The Children's Day services of the Baptist Church were held at 10.30 Sunday morning in the church, which had been handsomely decorated with flowers. An address was delivered to the scholars by Rev. I. W. Goodhue, in addition to which a programme consisting of recitations, singing, etc., had been prepared. The singing was fine, the "Children's Day Anthem" being finely rendered, the solo parts being sang by Mrs. Levi Shull and Miss Carrie Burke. Each of the scholars in the infant class were presented with a potted plant. The usual Sunday-school services were held at the regular time in the afternoon.

Children's Day services were held at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning. Flowers in abundance gave the church a beautiful appearance. Exercises appropriate to the day were held, the singing being very fine. Rev. Dr. Shields delivered an address to the children. The regular Sunday-school services were held in the afternoon.

Children's Day was observed by appropriate services at the Buckley Street Mission, at two o'clock Sunday afternoon. The mission room had been decorated with flowers and was well-attended by the scholars. The exercises consisted of musical selections, recitations, and an address by Rev. Dr. Shields, at the conclusion of which a plant was given to each of the smaller scholars.

No special services were held in St. James' P. E. Church and St. Paul's Mission.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

The picnic of the Baptist Sunday school, which was to have been held July 17th, will be held on the 9th inst.

During the months of July and August the services of the Presbyterian Sunday-school will be held in the morning, commencing at 9.30.

The infant class of the Mission Sunday-school, Mrs. Harry Bailey, teacher, picnicked at the Rose Mansion on Tuesday. A number of the teachers of the school were also present (by invitation), an enjoyable time being had by all. Refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cakes, were served.

Forty hours' devotion, or the public adoration of the Sacrament, began at St. Mark's R. C. Church on Sunday morning and continued until Tuesday. Early services were held at 5.30 a. m. Monday and Tuesday, and were attended by over 700 worshipers. At 8.30 a. m. of each day High Mass was celebrated. Sunday evening Rev. Father McCarty, of Bethlehem, delivered a sermon. Monday evening Rev. Father P. F. Burke, of St. James' Church, Philadelphia, and on Tuesday evening Rev. Father E. V. Rowan, of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, preached to the people.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Bristol Lodge No. 25, F. and A. M., holds its regular meeting on Saturday evening.

One proposition was received at the meeting of Fidelity Council, No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M., last Thursday evening.

The Degree Team of Hopkins' Lodge, No. 87, I. O. O. F., expect to get the initiatory work of the several degrees down fine.

One applicant was initiated into Nonpareil Council, No. 1037, Royal Arcanum, and three propositions received at the meeting on Tuesday evening.

The members of Fidelity Council, No. 21, Jr. O. U. A. M., were entertained by music (?) furnished by Mecca Court, No. 20, Oriental Degree, last Thursday evening.

The Young Men's Guild of St. James' P. E. Church entertain their friends in the chapel to-night. A number of invitations have been issued and there will undoubtedly be quite a number present.

The meetings of the Parsonage Mite Society of the Wood Street M. E. Church were terminated for the season on Tuesday evening by a lawn party, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Yost, at the corner of Mill and Cedar streets. A large number of the members of the society were present and had an enjoyable time.

—The State Fair will be held at Bethlehem, September 21 to 26.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

The game between the Bristol and Chester nines on Saturday was a walkover for the home club. The visitors were "not in it" from the start, the game resulting in the score of 22 to 6 in Bristol's favor. The score was as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
M'Donnell, J., rf,	3	3	0	0	0
Coleman, R., lf,	2	0	1	0	0
Potts, c,	2	3	6	0	1
Hoeding, 3b,	3	1	2	5	1
Mahan, 1b,	4	3	10	0	0
M'Donnell, F. 2b,	4	3	3	3	1
Landreth, cf,	2	0	1	1	1
Minster, 1b,	1	0	2	0	0
Coleman, J. p,	1	0	2	1	1
Totals,	22	13	27	10	5

CHESTER.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Conhanan, 1b,	1	3	17	0	1
Rhoddy, lf,	1	1	2	0	0
Hoshan, 2b,	1	0	4	1	0
McDade, c,	1	1	2	3	1
W. News, 3b,	0	0	0	3	1
Wheatley, cf., p,	0	0	0	4	2
Lord, p., cf,	1	0	2	0	0
J. News, ss,	0	0	0	4	1
Conway, rf.	1	1	0	0	1
Totals,	6	6	27	15	7

INNINGS.

Bristol,	0	9	1	2	3	2	1	2	2	—22
Chester,	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	1	0	— 6

Earned runs—Bristol, 5. Two-base hits—J. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, Conhanan, McDade. Three-base hits, Potts, 2. Bases stolen, J. McDonnell, Potts, Hoeding, Mahan, F. McDonnell, J. Coleman, Lord. Bases on balls—Coleman, 3; Lord, 2; Wheatly, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Conway. Struck out by Coleman, 5; Lord, 2; Wheatly, 2. Passed balls, Potts, 2; McDade, 9. Wild pitch—Coleman. Attendance—300. Time, two hours. Umpire—Byers.

The Bristol nine will play the Morrisville club, on the local grounds, on Saturday afternoon.

The Oxford Club came up from Frankford yesterday with the intention of playing a game of ball with the Bristol boys. However, fickle fortune deserted their banner and, after making a run in the first inning, it was impossible for them to again score. Hurd pitched for the visitors and was soon sized up by the boys, who hit him all over the field. Bradley was substituted in his stead in the last inning. Coleman filled the pitcher's box for the home team and did some effective pitching, striking out eight men. A number of inexcusable errors were made by players of both clubs. Byers umpired the game and seemed to be at a loss to tell the difference between a ball and a strike at times. Phenomenal Smith played left field for Bristol in good shape. Leiper played as short-stop with the home club. The score was as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
J. McDonnell, rf,	0	0	2	1	0
Leiper, ss,	1	3	2	2	2
Potts, c,	2	2	12	2	0
Smith, lf,	2	2	0	0	0
Mahan, 1b,	1	2	7	0	0
F. McDonnell, 2b,	1	1	2	2	2
Hoeding, 3b,	1	1	2	1	3
Landreth, cf,	2	3	0	0	0
J. Coleman, p,	1	0	0	2	0
Totals,	11	14	27	10	7

OXFORD.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Zepp, 1b,	0	0	6	1	1
Miller, lf,	0	0	1	1	0
Fitzpatrick, 2b,	1	1	6	1	2
Sugden, c,	0	1	6	1	0
Bradley, cf,	0	1	1	1	0
Bergen, rf,	0	0	2	0	1
Heard, p,	0	0	1	5	1
Mathews, 3b,	0	1	3	1	1
Adams, ss,	0	0	1	2	2
Totals,	1	4	27	13	8

INNINGS.

Bristol,	2	0	0	1	0	2	1	5	0	—11
Oxford,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 1

Earned runs, Bristol 5. Two-base hit, Leiper. Sacrifice hits, J. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, Landreth, J. Coleman, Bergen. Bases stolen, Leiper, Potts, Smith, Landreth, Fitzpatrick. Bases on balls by Coleman. Zepp, Matthews, Adams, by Heard, J. McDonnell, Smith 2, Hoeding. Struck out, by Coleman 8, by Heard 3. Left on bases, Bristol 8, Oxford 9. Hit by pitched ball, F. McDonnell, Coleman. Double plays, Bradley, Fitzpatrick. Passed balls, Potts 2, Sugden 2. Wild pitches, Coleman, Heard. Attendance, 375. Time, 1.38. Umpire, Byers.

Wm. M. Evarts says: "The gift of making an after-dinner speech is to be able to get up and say nothing brilliantly."

General Neal Dow, the doughty Maine Prohibitionist, is eighty-seven years old and expects to reach the one hundred mark.

Mrs. Algernon Sartoris (Nellie Grant) has made a journey to Niagara Falls with her children during her stay in this country. She is about to return to England.

Founder Bradley, of Ashury Park, has issued his edict that all lights on the boardwalks shall not be extinguished until mignight, owing to the actions of some of the young people who stroll along there after sundown.

In spite of his foreign sounding name the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus is an American, and though he is not yet forty has the largest congregation and the largest salary of any minister in the Congregational denomination.

Senator J. H. Kyle, of South Dakota, is a clergyman. One of his parishioners said: "The people of the East sent him out here to preach to the heathen at $500 a year, and now the heathen have sent him back at $5000 a year.

IN AND AROUND THE COUNTY.

The corner stone of the new Lutheran Church, at Quakertown, will be laid with appropriate services on Sunday next.

Rev. T. P. Price, of Tuckerton, N. J., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Hatboro Baptist Church, and will take the charge the first of September, supplying the pulpit during the summer.

An exhibition of farm machinery, under the auspices of the Horsham Farmers' Club, will be held on the farm of John Maynes, in Hatboro, on Monday, June 2d, at 1 o'clock p. m. Farmers and others interested are invited to be present.

The Buckwampum Historical and Literary Association held its fourth annual meeting at Springtown on Saturday, and was largely attended by the members of the association and their friends. Interesting exercises were held, some carefully prepared historical sketches being read.

D. H. Hawthorn, a reporter of the Norristown Times, was arrested Saturday night on the peculiar charge of having circulated a false sensational story, preferred by Coroner Harry B. Long. Hawthorn alleges that while coming on a train on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad from Conshohocken to Norristown on Friday afternoon, he saw about midway between the two places the body of a man, with a deep cut in his forehead, floating in the Schuylkill. Coroner Long immediately instituted an investigation, but could find nothing to substantiate Hawthorn, and accordingly had him arrested on the above charge. Hawthorn says his story was true, but was held for a hearing.

PARKLAND.—The following list of speakers has been announced to occupy the rostrum of the National Spiritualists' Camp Meeting, at Parkland, this season: Sunday, June 21, Dr. F. L. H. Willis; June 28, Mrs. A. M. Glading; July 5, Hon. Sidney Dean; July 12, Mrs. H. L. Lake and Edgar W. Emerson; July 19, Hon. A. B. Richmond; July 26, J. Frank Baxter; August 2, Mrs. Minnie Renouf; August 9, Miss Jennie B. Hagan; August 16, Mrs. Zaida Brown Kates and G. W. Kates; August 23, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; August 30, Mrs. Elizabeth Cutler; September 6, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn; September 13, Miss Maggie Gaule.

The commencement day exercises of the Abington Friends' School, at Jenkintown, were held at the school last Friday morning. The class room had been decorated with plants, flowers and ferns, and presented a beautiful appearance. The graduating class consisted of six young ladies and one young man. The essays were all of a high grade and were ably read. The following young ladies from Bristol attend the school: Misses Helen and May Pierce, and Miss Edith L. Jones.

Lewis Price, son of G. Wash. Price, of Buckingham, was most seriously kicked by a horse on the morning of the 15th. He was cleaning a horse and had just finished when he went into a second horse's stall, without speaking to the horse, striking it gently with the curry-comb, when it kicked him on the left side just below the heart. He lie prostrate, apparently dead when found. Dr. Q. L. Adams, the surgeon from Pineville, was immediately summoned and did all medical or surgical skill could do to relieve the boy's sufferings. Lewis is a good, industrious boy about 18 years old, and lives and works for E. Rudolph Smith, near Smith's Corner, lower Buckingham. It is impossible for him to recover.—Doylestown Democrat.

J. Simpson Large, of Buckingham, was arrested by Constable W. H. Smith on Tuesday afternoon, on the charge of assault and battery on a boy named Joseph Lutz. It appears that in following the custom and example set by young Lutz in christening new boots, the young son of Mr. Large expectorated on young Lutz's new boots, but received a slap across the face. Mr. Large became angered at such proceedings and proceeded to hunt for Lutz and finding him during the afternoon proceeded to shake him. Mr. Large appeared before Justice Grim, Wednesday morning, and entered in his own recognizance in the sum of $200 to appear for a hearing on the 8th of July.

The Farmers' Union of Montgomery Bucks, Chester and Delaware counties, in annual convention at Norristown on Thursday, adopted the following:

"We, the Farmers' Union of Montgomery, Delaware, Bucks and Chester counties, feel that we have cause to feel congratulated on the fact that our legislature has accomplished quite a number of things, although the last legislature was somewhat incompetent. But, on the other hand, it could not be denied that the farmers were in the minority; therefore, any alleged incompetency of the legislature could not be blamed on the farmers' movement."

The resolution was brought forth by a sarcastic criticism in a country newspaper. An election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: H. C. Hoover, President; M. H. Walters, Secretary; J. W. Schlichter, Assistant Secretary; Horace Ashenfelter, Treausurer; Executive Committee, John G. Fetterolf, Wm. H. Buck, Jarret Hunsicker, E. B. Conrad and B. M. Custer.

The last slave ever sold in New Haven is "Aunt Louie Tritton," who is also the oldest inhabitant of the city. In 1825 she was publicly "auctioned off" on the village green for $600.

Secretary Rusk works more hours at his desk than any of his clerks, but this is true perhaps of all the Cabinet officers, and every one else who keeps and pays for what is facetiously termed "skilled labor."

Miss Ethel Ingalls, the eldest daughter of the Kansas Senator, is said physically to resemble her father, but to possess the sweetest of manner and disposition that characterizes her mother. She is very popular in both social and literary circles.

Miss Edna Lyall, the author of "Donovan," is a ready and graceful writer, a close and accurate observer of life, a kindly critic, an ardent believer in the principles she sets forth, and as a story teller possessing the priceless quality of being always interesting.

The Philadelphia and Reading statement for May, which will be issued in July, will, it is said, show for the first half of the fiscal year that the company has earned more than its fixed charges for this period, the first time the fixed charges have been earned for the first six months of the year.

Queen Victoria is credited with being more particular about her bed than about any other of her personal possessions. She rests on mattresses of a certain thickness, stuffed with the finest, softest wool, and recently she discarded a new set because they were made half an inch thicker than usual.

Emma Abbott was a songstress of only fair merit, and it is said a bigger humbug, as to business methods, than the late Mr. Barnum; but her earnestness, industry and good temper won her hosts of friends wherever she appeared. It is thought Minnie Hauk will succeed her as the head of English opera.

Dr. Talmage thinks that "the most damaging thing on this earth is a religious controversy," and says that "no man can ever come out of it as good as when he went in." This is a hard hit at the religious controversialists who are shaking half a dozen or more churches to the very foundation of their creeds, but it is sensible nevertheless.

The extremely particular woman will find use for what the clever designer calls the glove tree. This is a plaster cast of the owner's hand, over which she stretches her gloves as she removes them. Of course it is necessary to have a pair of the models, and several gloves may be drawn over them at the same time. The virtue of this invention is said to be in the fact that gloves so cared for retain their shape and flexibility much longer than when they are rolled into the customary careless wads.

Mrs. Packson, the newly-elected Mayor of Kiowa, Kansas, gave notice to the eight or ten "joints" of the town, which were kept open contrary to law, that they must close. A deputation, including, it is said, the husband of the Mayor, waited upon her to connive at the continuance of the saloons. Mrs. Packson answered that her oath of office required her to carry out the provisions of the law, and that she had not yet been in politics long enough to learn how to break her word and still be respectable. The saloons were closed.

Col. Thomas K. Young, late of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, who has recently invested considerable capital in a manufactory in Bristol, has returned to New York, where he is actively engaged in large commercial enterprises. He came North soon after the collapse of the Confederacy, entered into business in New York, and, like most of Southerners who have settled there, he has amassed a comfortable fortune. He has been stopping in Bristol for the past two months looking after his interests. Like most Southerners, he is endowed with graceful manners, ready wit, fine conversational powers, a happy faculty for telling droll stories, especially of plantation life, and those of us here who had the pleasure of enjoying his genial society, will look forward to the occasional visits which he has promised us in the future, with the most lively anticipations of renewed pleasures.—Bristol correspondent Doylestown Democrat.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

Here is what Edison says he has in store for the World's Fair: "My intention is to have such a happy combination of photography and electricity that a man can sit in his own parlor and see depicted upon a curtain the forms of the players in opera upon the distant stage and hear the voices of the singers. When the system is perfected which will be in time for the fair, each little muscle of the singer's face will be seen to work, every color of his or her attire will be exactly reproduced and the stride and positions will be as natural and vary as do those of the live characters. To the sporting fraternity I will state that ere long this system can be applied to prize fights. The whole scene, with the noise of the blows, talk, etc., will be truthfully transferred.

The citizens of Charleston, S. C., are preparing to petition the authorities at Washington to station a garrison at Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island. This fortification, like Fort Sumpter, is now in a state of dilapidation. In former times many prominent American soldiers were stationed there, including Gen. Beauregard and Gen. Sherman, and it was there that Edgar Allan Poe, when a private in the service, collected the materials for "The Gold Bug" and others of his strange tales.

GOV. PATTISON'S ACTION ON BILLS.

Governor Pattison has signed the following bills: Amendment to the act relating to horse racing so that it will not apply to horses used in races and incorporated trotting associations; allowing the Equinunk Bridge Company to construct a bridge over the Delaware river. The Governor vetoed ten bills among them the following: An act to protect policy holders in casualty insurance companies; bills for the relief of Lewis Aucker and David Wilson, members of the Third Regiment, National Guard; authorizing the State Board of Charities to formulate a system of uniform accounts, and providing for examiners to enforce the same; requiring peddlers, vendors and hawkers in cities of the first and second class to take out a license; relating to the publication of advertising in German newspapers by the County Commissioners; providing that graduates of military and other academies shall be brevet First Lieutenants in the National Guard.

HOW TO SLEEP AFTER NIGHT WORK.

A Swiss doctor says that many persons who extend their mental work well into the night, who during the evening follow attentively the programme of a theatre or concert, or who engage evenings in the proceedings of societies or clubs, are awakened in the morning or in the night with headache. For a long while the doctor was himself a suffer from headache of this kind, but of late years has wholly protected himself from it by simple means. When he is obliged to continue his brain work into the evening, or to be out late nights in rooms not well ventilated instead of going directly to bed he takes a brisk walk for half an hour or an hour. While taking this tramp he stops now and then and practices lung gymnastics by breathing in and out deeply a few times. When he then goes to bed he sleeps soundly. Notwithstanding the shortening of the hours of sleep, he awakes with no trace of headache. There exists a clear and well-known physiological reason why this treatment should be effective.—Scientific American.

THIRTY YEARS OF COMPETITION.

When after thirty years test of any manufactured article on the market, and all competitors left in the background, and people are almost begging for the articles, that settles all questions and stops all controversies. That is the keynote Birch of Burlington, N. J., has reached with his carriage and harness trade. No exhibitions at State or County Fairs; no personal soliciting of purchasers, the business has been left entirely to the commonsense and judgment of the people, and the above is their verdict.

* "My father at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, New York.

A COWARDLY VERDICT.

Another unjust verdict was that in the case of McCracken vs. Wallace, where the editor of the Chester Times was acquitted of slander and yet made to pay the costs. This verdict was cowardly, mean and unjust. If Mr. Wallace was guilty he was guilty, and if innocent, wholly innocent, and to put the costs on him was simply to smirch maliciously and to show that the county cared more for a few dollars than for justice.—Del. Co. Republican.

BANKERS,

Doctors, Lawyers, Carpenters, Druggists, Engineers, Mechanics, in fact we have recommedations from people in all stations in life, testifying to the wonderful cures that Sulphur Bitters have effected. Send for testimonials. See another column.

ALMOST KILLED.

I was almost killed by the doctors, who treated me for bleeding piles. It cost me over $100 without relief. I took Sulphur Bitters for two months, and now I am well. —Gus Hall, Troy, N. Y.

"I HAVE been a sufferer from catarrh for years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief, I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines, when a friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with great reluctance, but can now testify that after using it for six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable Balm.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Ave., Brooklyn.

If current rumors are true Humphrey's Good Samaritan is the best Liniment in the world for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Ask Franklin Moss, the blacksmith, what he knows about it.

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a man cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore Ry., at Cansjoharie, N. Y.

25 Bond Street, New York.

Will Fight to a Finish.

A long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers, the Fidelity Wall paper Co., of No. 12 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two-cent stamps for samples of their ten, twelve and fifteen-cent gilts.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1 at all druggists'.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

*A salary with expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement headed, "A Chance to Make Money."

Miscellaneous

Guaranteed ✣ ✣ Clothing.

VALUE FOR VALUE.

J. B. YOST, Bristol, Pa. has been appointed Sales agent for Wanamaker & Brown, Philadelphia. All measurements taken by him are warranted correct by the house. Call and see the samples.

Some are content to be led by plausible words, but they should remember:

1st, Gold dollars cannot be bought at ninety cents.

2nd. The poorest economy in the world is to buy on the partial payment system.

3rd. One house at least has a national reputation for coupling guaranteed reliability with low prices.

J. B. YOST,

Sales-agent for

Wanamaker & Brown in Bristol, Pa.

BOROUGH —TAX NOTICE!—

The Treasurer will receive the Taxes of the Borough of Bristol, at

THE TOWN HALL,

ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY,

JUNE 29 and 30,

From 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.,

At which time a discount of Five per cent. will be allowed.

JAMES WRIGHT, Treasurer.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

TODAY.

Be swift to love your own, dears,
Your own who need you so;
Say to the speeding hour, dears,
"I will not let thee go
Except thou give a blessing:"
Force it to bide and stay.
Love has no sure tomorrow,
It only has today.

Oh, hasten to be kind, dears,
Before the time shall come
When you are left behind, dears,
In an all-lonely home;
Before in late contrition
Vainly you weep and pray.
Love has no sure tomorrow,
It only has today.

Swifter than sun and shade, dears,
Move the fleet wings of pain;
The chance we have today, dears,
May never come again.
Joy is a fickle rover,
He brooketh not delay.
Love has no sure tomorrow,
It only has today.

Too late to plead or grieve, dears,
Too late to kiss or sigh,
When death has laid his seal, dears,
On the cold lip and eye.
Too late our gifts to lavish
Upon the burial clay.
Love has no sure tomorrow,
It only has today.

—Congregationalist.

A STUDY IN JOURNALISM

At first, when she came out of her house, she walked quickly, with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling with an unaccustomed light. A slight breathlessness made her delicate chest pant a little, and her pale lips, which the distress of an aneurism kept habitually compressed, murmured strange, interrupted words.

"Will this story take?" she muttered. "I have put into it so much soul, so much passion! I cried over it as I wrote, I remember, and when I came to the place where Lea dies in her grandmother's arms, the sobs choked my throat as if it had been a question of a real fact! But"—and the girl's step became slower—"but will it please him? They say he is so stiff, so severe in the way of art! There, why should it not please him? The professor has read it and is delighted with it. A professor as strict as he is!

"Oh, if they would take it, if they would put it in the newspaper! If"—the cheeks of the young girl flamed—"if they would pay me well! How much? Fifty lire? That would be too much. Let us say forty, or thirty. Poor mamma! Obliged to go out with nothing over her dress waist in this cold weather! I wouldn't even take home the money. I would go at once to Forti's, in the Piazza della Signoria, to buy a newmarket ready made. There are pretty ones for twenty-five lire! Imagine mamma in it!"

The young girl smiled with a knowing air. But she soon became anxious again. She had arrived.

She must enter without loss of time, for at 11 o'clock the lesson in Italian literature began at the high school of the Majistero, and woe to whoever was absent!

The great door, with its handsome plates of shining metal, was open, as if it expected her.

Over the top was the famous sign at which she had so many times looked with infinite longing:

EDITORIAL OFFICE
OF THE CREPUSCOLO.

She entered, mounting the stairs slowly and looking doubtfully ahead. What should she say when she went in? In the first room, the professor had told her, were the editors, all men, all young! And in a little separate parlor he, the chief editor, the handsome man with the short auburn beard, the mocking smile, that she had looked at so many times, furtively, through the window blinds. She must take courage, turn the door handle with a firm hand, and enter—enter with reserved manners, as became an honest girl, but frank and natural. Then, after all, she was not going into those rooms from a bad motive, from vanity or coquetry.

She was going to sell her work, to give a proof of her love for her dear little old woman. Oh, for shame! She had been capable of hesitating so much! She could think so much of herself, of her sensitiveness of a timid child! She turned the door handle and entered with a firm step, saying "Good morning." At first, near sighted as she was, and blinded by the smoke of the cigarettes, she only perceived at the end of the room a large table, with several men seated around it writing.

They all raised their heads, and one of them, a very young man with large, weary eyes, went attentively forward to meet her.

"The chief editor?" asked Annina, with a thread of voice.

The editorial staff began to write again, dissimulating an equivocal smile, fortunately unnoticed by the girl.

"He will be here in a moment," replied the young man. "If you will wait for him"—

And as Annina looked around her, frightened, he added hurriedly, preceding her:

"Come into the chief editor's room; it will not be so cold there." And he opened the door of a little parlor, richly furnished, where in the fireplace was crackling a beautiful, lively flame.

The young man made a low bow, then returned to his task of cleaning up the correspondence, saying to himself:

"Where the deuce have I seen that little face and those pleading eyes?"

No one permitted himself the slightest comment in regard to the morning visitor. They had seen others very unlike her.

The young girl meanwhile—whose breath had constantly grown shorter—looked around her with ingenuous admiration. How warm one felt in that beautiful little room, with a carpet on the floor and heavy plush curtains at the window! And to think that all those furnishings, all those expensive trifles, one could earn them by work with the pen, inventing beautiful romances, writing poems, making critical articles upon fine books, foreign and Italian. Oh, if she could succeed in all that! Then mamma——

The door opened softly, and Anderni, with a glass in his left eye, entered with a free movement, placing on the writing table a great packet of letters and newspapers.

"In what can I be of use to you?" he then asked the young girl, who had risen precipitately at his entrance.

"I came," she said, trembling and growing still paler, "I came by the advice of my teacher of Italian literature, Chevalier Vallani. I have written a story that might, if you think best, find a place in your beautiful newspaper—in the appendix, of course."

Anderni was not bad hearted, but that morning he felt ill disposed and irritated. His uncle had refused him the two thousand lire which he could not do without, considering the severe necessity of his trip to Berlin.

The girl who stood before him was rather plain, pale as a ghost, and badly dressed; no doubt she belonged to the inhuman phalanx of women who write romances and wear mourning as to their finger nail. Auff! All her hopes must be crushed at once, and at one blow.

"I am sorry," he answered slowly, tearing open nervously the envelopes of the letters and wrappers and newspapers. "I am sorry, my dear young lady, but The Crepuscolo has pigeonholes full of stories which perhaps it will never publish. Yours—excuse me, what is it about? How is it entitled?"

The young girl felt her throat compressed as if by a hand of iron, and blamed a hundred times over the hour and the moment in which the idea had come to her of presenting herself to that discourteous man; yet, since now there is no turning back.

"It is a moral story," she stammered; "a story where it is shown"——

"That virtue is its own reward?" asked the journalist, laughing, while he began to make notes in regard to the letters which he was arranging in an elegant letter file. "The theme could not be more amusing. And the title, please?"

"'The Last Love,'" murmured the unhappy girl, in a spent voice. "Believe, signor, that I have written it with soul—with feeling. There are none of the usual descriptions of things not honest, as are too much the fashion nowadays but you will see that in my story there is truth from the first to the last page, and"——

"I am perfectly convinced of what you tell me, dear young lady," said Anderni absent mindedly, without noticing the visible physical sufferings that changed her pure little face. "But, you see, yours is just the sort of story that does not suit a newspaper."

"Then you take away every hope from me?" said the girl, swaying, placing instinctively her hand upon her heart.

"For pity's sake, don't talk in that sentimental way! We will see it some other time. These young ladies! All with the mania to write, while so many hands are needed in trades—in woman's work! Moreover"— He could not continue. The young girl stretched her arms toward him as if in search of aid, stammered one word—only one—the first that we learn as babies: Mamma! And turning quickly, she fell stiff upon the same divan where, a few minutes before, she had dreamed of comfort for her poor old woman.

Anderni gave a stifled cry, and rushed to her. The poor girl breathed no more; her eyes were wide open, glazed, and her lips contracted.

"Quick!" he shouted, opening the door. "Quick, a physician!" All the staff hastened into the little sanctum, and the young man with the weary eyes ran to the girl, raising her poor lifeless head upon his shoulder.

"She is dead," said Adolph Levis, after having felt her pulse. "At any rate, I will run for the doctor."

"She is dead! she is dead!" they all exclaimed, shaking their heads. Only the young man with the tired eyes did not speak, but busied himself with composing decently the dress and damp hair of Annina.

"Come!" cried Anderni, turning to Fablo Leoni, the reporter of The Crepuscolo. "Don't stand there spellbound before the girl. Take this manuscript and send it to the composing room. It would be better that you should take it there yourself. Have it set up at once, with a paragraph about it. Tell the facts briefly."

And as Fablo Leoni remained dazed, looking at the girl:

"Look here!" cried the chief editor, agitated, convulsed. "This girl has brought me a work of hers, 'The Last Love,' and has died while handing it to me. Do you take in the importance of this fact? It is a solemn, mysterious thing. We must get out a double edition of the paper. You can announce the story at once as a refined, honest thing, destined to interest our fair readers—but make haste—the deuce! Ah, here is the physician! Doctor!"

All gathered again around the corpse, and the word aneurism passed from one mouth to another.

"It is necessary to inform the coroner and the Misericordia at once," said the doctor, beginning to write.

All returned, more or less affected, into the editorial room to prepare the number which was to come out at noon. Only the weary eyed young man staid, unobserved, to contemplate the dead girl. Oh! at last he recollected. The little waxen face that was before him resembled that of his only sister, dead of consumption a year before, when he had gone on The Crepuscolo at fifty lire a month.

The brethren of the Misericordia came, in midst of a crowd of idlers who wished to learn what the facts were. But no one knew, not even a poor little old woman in Via Panica, who had heard the three strokes of the bell of the charitable company, and had crossed herself with devotion, praying for the peace of whoever, at that moment, was dying, perhaps alone, on the street, unkissed.—Translated by E. Cavazza for Short Stories.

He Laughed Last.

To my own knowledge three of the greatest greenhorns on earth made the richest finds I have ever seen, stumbling upon them by sheer good luck. When I was first out with a party of prospectors in Idaho an old Yankee came up to our camp one sultry afternoon and asked, "Say, can yeouw tell me where there is a good place to mine?" We thought we would have some sport at the fellow's expense, and so pointing up the hill to where a lone tree stood said: "Right under the shade of that tree you will find lots of gold. Dig down about ten feet, and when you get tired rest in the shade of the tree."

He went up there and set to work at a place that showed no indications of gold, and which we had passed by. We thought we had caged a sucker. He worked for two days very industriously, and then in the evening came strolling into our camp. "Much obliged, stranger," he said; "ye gave me good advice, and I'll make it squar' with you. I've run across a whole basketful of these little lumps of gold." He exhibited a dozen nuggets as big as marbles, and later on, when the mine was developed, it turned out wondrously rich. We all felt a little weak when we saw the extent of his find.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Curiosity.

It is a very excellent thing to be friendly and sympathetic, but unwise to be obtrusively and impertinently so. A lady, getting upon a train early one morning, took a seat near a woman, who began to eye her curiously.

The first lady was naturally very pale in complexion, and had sometimes been annoyed by sympathetic interest in this peculiarity.

Presently the second lady addressed her. "Poor creetur!" she exclaimed. "How pale you be."

The lady simply raised her eyelids a trifle.

"Now there must be something the matter with you," the other went on. "Do tell me what you've been a-doing."

"I have been totally unconscious for eight hours," the first lady remarked.

"Gracious! How did that happen?"

"I was asleep."—Youth's Companion.

Finding a "Mare's Nest."

The origin of the expression "to find a mare's nest" has been traced to the days of the early Saxons. What we call a nightmare was by our forefathers supposed to be the Saxon demon Mara or Mare, a kind of vampire, which caused the incubus by sitting on the sleeper's chest. The Mare vampires were said to be the guardians of hidden treasures, over which they were supposed to brood, as hens do over their eggs, and the place where they sat was termed their neidus or nest. Hence, when any one announced that he had made an extraordinary discovery, some one accused him of finding a Mare's nest, or the place where the vampire kept guard over her hypothetical treasures.—St. Louis Republic.

Three Immense Glaciers.

In the Sat valley, which drains the southern face of the Rakaposhi mountain, in Gilgit, there are three immense glaciers, one of which has an island covered with pine trees and bushes on its surface, and higher up a lake or tarn of deep blue-green water. Pinnacles, wedges, blocks and needles of ice, some supporting great bowlders, add to the weird beauty of the glacier. Colonel H. C. Tanner found the snow line of the Himalayas to vary in altitude, and recommends that explorers, in ascertaining this limit, should measure the altitude of those flat open spaces on which the snow lies where it falls, and not go by snow fields which may be drifts or in the shade. —London Globe.

Working Up Old Horses.

The thirty-two old horses from the fire were reduced to powder in eight hours, without emanating any odor. Plumb & Winton's abattoir was a busy place during Saturday afternoon and Sunday, when the work was done. The working up of dead animals has become a science. A large horse when reduced to powder will weigh about 150 pounds, and is sold on analysis of ammonia, phosphoric acid and moisture. The oil is used for tanning certain kinds of leather. The hide is tanned for shoes, pocketbooks and bags.—Bridgeport Standard.

Suites and Sets.

Mrs. Slimpurse—What is the price of this suite of furniture?

Dignified Clerk—This is not a suite, madam. It is one of our $25 sets. The suites are on another floor—$100 apiece.—New York Weekly.

MAKING KNIT FABRICS.

AN INDUSTRY BUILT UP BY THE M'KINLEY BILL.

Its Condition a Year Ago—The Change That Has Already Taken Place—Undervaluations No Longer Exist—How the Poor Man Is Benefited.

Free-trade and Free-trade journals are persistent in their utterances that the McKinley tariff will destroy American textile industries. If they can furnish no better evidence than that furnished by the knit underwear mills, then let us hear no more about the disastrous effects of a measure the beneficent effects of which are so clearly apparent. Contrast the present condition of the knit goods interest with that of a year ago. The enactment of the McKinley tariff was then in sight, yet its influence upon the future of this industry was already visible. Manufacturers saw that the administrative act would correct many of the worst abuses from which they had suffered so long, and that with the tariff bill passed, immediate relief from undervaluations would follow. A year ago not more than 60 per cent. of the present capacity for turning out underwear was in operation. At Cohoes, Amsterdam, Little Falls, Hudson City, and at various other places in this and other states, much machinery had been idle for three or more years, especially those mills that were equipped to make ribbed cotton underwear. This was due solely to the competition of great quantities of imported goods that were undervalued. And from the same cause the knitters of fancy cotton hosiery in Philadelphia became insolvent.

With the McKinley tariff in operation the first reappraisements by the board of appraisers demonstrated that the importations of knit fabrics of every description would be decreased, for though importers had advanced their foreign cost the increase was not enough. It is unnecessary to go into details as it is sufficient to know that through the operation of the McKinley tariff an unparalleled degree of activity has been infused into the knit goods industry.

The cry of the Free-traders has been and is that the poor man's wages have been decreased and the cost of his clothing has been increased. What are the facts? The poor man's cotton shirts and drawers, not costing in excess of one dollar and fifty cents per dozen, pay 35 per cent. ad valorem, the same as before the McKinley bill. Oh! the solicitude for the poor man and how it has been used to put eagles in the pockets of these importers that have expressed so much sympathy for the wage earner! No one doubts, and in fact it has been demonstrated by the operations of the McKinley tariff, that former importations were invoiced and classified as costing poor men's prices, the duties paid proportionately, but out of the customs, such goods were invariably sold at rich men's profits, though at less prices than similar goods made in this country were sold at. That's how the interests of the poor man have been protected by importers.

Under the old tariff wool and merino underwear paid ten cents, twelve cents, eighteen cents, twenty-four cents and thirty-five cents per pound, and 35 and 40 per cent. ad valorem, and so general were the undervaluations that it is not straining the truth to make the statement that not more than, if as much as, 60 per cent. of the duties were collected that such importations should have paid. This method of doing business was because of the solicitude for the poor man. With the merchandise released from the customs department, for spelling "poor men's goods" the Volapuk orthography was employed, and it invariably produced "importers' interest," and the goods were sold at rich men's profits. The McKinley tariff and the administrative act have rectified these undervaluations; yet if there has been any difference in prices for American goods they are not recognizable by consumers, if at the prices now current better goods are not now obtainable than ever before. This feature is due to the operation of the McKinley tariff and the increased production that that measure has stimulated.

The daily and weekly reports of the improved trade in underwear and hosiery are the best evidence of the beneficial influence of the McKinley tariff on this industry. Besides the records of the mills that were running full and have been enlarged; that were running half or less of the machinery and are now running full; that had been idle for three to six years and are now in full operation, new mills that have been built and put into operation and a larger number are in course of erection in different states.

In short, the McKinley tariff has stopped to a very large extent the undervaluations of foreign manufactures, and that has decreased importations; there has been an increased demand for American made goods that has quickened the starting up of all idle machinery and the building of many new mills. This has given employment to a very large number of operatives; raw materials have been required in greatly increased quantities, and in the finishing, ticketing, making up and other details an equal degree of life has been infused into many other departments of manufacture whose existence has been and is largely dependent on the production of underwear. Such are some of the benefits that have accrued to the knit goods industry from the enactment of the McKinley bill.

The constitution of Maine was adopted in 1820. It prohibits the loaning of the state credit, and limits the debt contracting power of the legislature. It also forbids the legislature to charter corporations by special acts.

*Have you seen the Mrs. Cleveland Canopy Top Buckboard, manufactured by Birch, Burlington, N. J.? It beats anything for style, as a summer vehicle, that ever was produced. The only way to try to excell it would be to get an air line to one of the other planets, and see what they have there.

For Bilious Attacks
heartburn,
sick headache,
and all disorders of
the stomach, liver,
and bowels,
Ayer's Cathartic Pills
are the
safest, surest,
and most popular
medicine for
family use.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.
Lowell, Mass.

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." Carlos Martyn, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." Edwin F. Pardee, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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Do you suffer with that tired and allgone feeling; if so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1,000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities burst ing through the skin in Pimples, Blotches, and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

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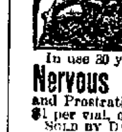

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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
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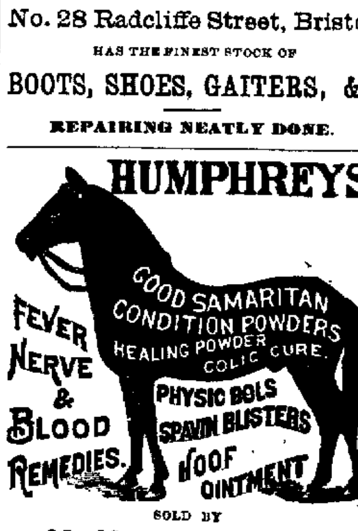

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A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3
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I have found that the People of Bristol want a place where they can have their
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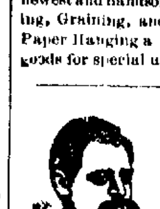

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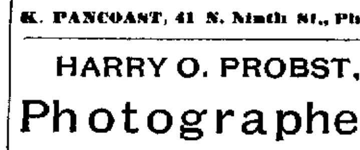

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